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Events of the Week.

WHAT was the purpose of the British offensive at Neuve Chapelle? The most unexpected feature of Sir John French's deeply interesting despatch is that it mentions every possible reason for this costly operation, except the reason which was generally assumed. Our total losses in the war, according to an answer in the Commons, were up to April 11th, just 139,347. Of that total, the affair at Neuve Chapelle accounts for almost one tenth, or 12,811 men to be precise. It was difficult to suppose that a loss so great would be risked save for a capital object, which could only be the definite breaking of the German line in Flanders. The despatch speaks of the need of backing up both the Russians and the French, and above all of "fostering the offensive spirit in our troops," but it says nothing about breaking the German line. A commander is perhaps naturally reticent about an object which was not achieved. But the result of this reticence is that the avowed object seems altogether disproportioned to the sacrifice.

THE object of the attack on March 10th was to capture a long ridge of ground extending almost to Lille, from which a considerable area could have been commanded, and Lille itself in all probability rendered untenable. The history of the battle is, briefly, that part of the advance was carried out rapidly and brilliantly; had the whole programme been executed with equal fidelity, great results would probably have followed, with relatively small losses. But the plan was not carried out in its entirety; the attack dragged, and its prolongation on the 11th and 12th led to a little further gain, and

entailed immense losses. The plan evidently contemplated a rapid and concerted rush, and cavalry was in readiness to take its part in pressing a retreating enemy. The instant success won in part of the line on the morning of the 10th proved that the plan was in itself feasible.

THE explanation of the partial failure is, first of all, that our artillery was not all of equal quality. Its main task was to destroy the enemy's barbed-wire defences by a concentrated bombardment. This was, in part, achieved, but not on the extreme north of the front of attack. The advance was delayed in consequence, and terrible losses resulted. There was, in the second place, a failure on the part of the commander of the Fourth Corps to bring his reserves "speedily into action," and this delay gave the Germans time to recover themselves. Finally, on the 11th, a fog prevailed; the artillery could not see its target, and the telephone lines were cut. The despatch does not state what is generally known, that our guns were shelling our own men, but its statement that "it was not possible to stop our artillery fire, and the infantry had to be withdrawn" amounts to the same thing.

A BIG advance was made in this battle, as advances go in this trench warfare. But the impression left by the despatch is that if the whole operation had been executed as powerfully as part of it was, the success would have been brilliant, and the losses relatively small. The casualties were, as things turned out, so heavy that all further efforts were suspended, and the offensive has not since been resumed. It is probable that the German losses were still heavier, for Sir John French puts their wounded alone at 12,000. We took in prisoners practically the same number that we lost ourselves in missing. If there was some inequality in the artillery work and in the leadership, the men were uniformly splendid. The Canadians specially distinguished themselves, and the Territorials are highly praised. There was evidently no failure on the part of the Indians. Neuve Chapelle was a considerable success, though the cost outweighs the gains; it came near to being a really decisive victory.

THE tremendous wrestle for the possession of the Carpathian passes has gone on all the week. The results are not decisive, and it is possible that the struggle may be prolonged. The Russians hold the ground they have won, but the Austro-Germans are still masters of the Uzsook Pass and of some dominating heights around it, and they have developed their threat against the Russian flank in the direction of Stry. Against the main Russian advance, it is believed that no less than seven German Corps have been brought up. The thaw has set in, and every step is dangerous, while both armies are fighting under conditions that strain their physical endurance. Each side claims large captures of prisoners, and the claims in the official news balance almost exactly; these surrenders are probably due more to exhaustion than to defeat. Victory will lie with the army which has the larger reserves, and that consideration points to a Russian success.

FROM the Western theatre there is little fresh to report, but there have been successes north of Arras and in Alsace. Some retrospective details have been published regarding the brilliant effort of last week between the Meuse and the Moselle. The chief success was the taking of the positions round Les Eparges, a high tableland which had been fortified until it almost deserved the title of a fortress. The final attack was the culmination of two months' work. Two German divisions were worn down successively in the defence, and the French estimate of the German losses is 30,000 men. Both sides agreed in their estimate of the importance of this position, and its capture must make it difficult for the Germans to retain their hold of the plain of the Woivre below it. Fighting goes on in the wood of Ailly, where the German defences round St. Mihiel are being slowly eaten away.

THE second of the Zeppelin raids on our coasts took place on Wednesday night in the Tyneside district, and on Thursday over Lowestoft and Maldon. It was very much less destructive than the raid on Norfolk, for it cost no lives at all, and resulted only in some insignificant damage to property and in slight injuries to three persons. A single Zeppelin passed over Blyth about eight o'clock, and circled rapidly down to Wallsend, avoiding Newcastle. She covered about twenty miles in half-an-hour, and dropped about thirty bombs. Her visit may have been intended to strike at Elswick or the shipbuilding yards. The yards were everywhere closed, the men dismissed, and lights extinguished over the whole North-East area; trams stopping as the electric current was cut off, while trains were held up in the stations. These tactics disconcerted the raiders, who evidently could not locate their objectives. On the other hand, the airship may claim that for three hours or more she held up the whole activity of the busiest area of our warlike preparations. It seems doubtful whether the precautions were not disproportionate to the risk. The raid over Essex was equally futile, and its purpose less easy to divine.

THE decision to mark our sense of the enormity of the German submarine campaign against British shipping by refusing the honors of war to the crews of these craft, has tempted the German authorities to reprisals. They announce that thirty-nine British officers have been transferred to military detention barracks. Far more serious is the evidence now accumulating that the treatment of British military prisoners has been often, if not always, inconceivably harsh. An evidently sober narrative by Major Vandeleur (who contrived to escape) describes the overcrowding in trains, the packing of men in closed trucks deep in horse-dung, the neglect to supply food during the transit, and the brutality in word and deed both of officers and soldiers towards the prisoners. In the camps the plight of prisoners is not much better, for the food is insufficient and bad, and the conditions as to cleanliness are so horrible that the men are devoured by vermin and the prey of skin diseases. The worst aspect of the matter is that this ill-treatment is calculated. French prisoners are relatively well-cared-for. Something has been done by American agency to call attention to this inhumanity. It might be advisable to ask for the intervention of some neutral State—Sweden, for example—which stands well with Germany.

HERR BALLIN, the famous chief of the Hamburg-American line, has been allowed to express the Kaiser's opinion that the war was brought about by England, and Sir Edward Grey could have stopped it. This, said

Herr Ballin, he could have achieved by taking one of two positions. If he had declared from the first that England refused to go to war, Russia and France would have had to compromise. If he had said that England was ready to go to war, Austria would have had to compromise. But he left his attitude uncertain, and gave Germany to understand that England was not bound to go in. A false dilemma could hardly be imagined. The first great step in the promotion of the war was taken when, by the admission of her own White Paper, of her Ambassador at Paris, and of many other of her witnesses, Germany gave Austria an absolutely free hand in her quarrel with Serbia.

WE imagine that this was given on the German calculation that England, after her friendliness in 1912-1914, would remain out. Is it now contended that if we had openly confronted the German-Austrian advance, it would have retreated? On that theory the confession is merely one of murderous bluff at the expense of European peace. On the other hand, how does the contention that our withdrawal from the Entente would have given pause to Russia suit the early German contention that on her rested the entire responsibility for the war? On the whole, Sir Edward Grey's attitude strikes us as having been the one best calculated to bring both parties to reason. To Russia he said: "You cannot, if you are aggressive, count on our aid." To Germany he said: "Do not imagine that if you de-neutralize and over-run Belgium and attack France we shall not be drawn in." What could be fairer?

THE Pope, speaking through the mouth of a German-American journalist, Mr. von Wiegand, who may possibly have acted as an indirect carrier for the Kaiser, has sent an "Easter message" to America, appealing to her to "work unceasingly and disinterestedly for peace, to the end that this carnage and its attendant horrors and miseries may soon cease." The message calls on the States to "avoid everything" that might prolong the struggle, a sentence promptly seized on by German interpreters to mean that America should cease selling munitions to the Allies. Of course, she is equally willing to sell them to both belligerents, but one Power can convey the goods, the other cannot. The Pope says that he places his "entire hopes" for an early peace on American efforts, and promises her at the moment of intervention the "utmost support of the Holy See." This, he says, he has already let the President know. On the other hand, Dr. Eliot, one of the half-dozen leading men of America, speaking to a meeting of Baptist ministers, told them bluntly—"Do not pray for peace now. I cannot conceive a worse catastrophe for the human race than peace in Europe now"—with Belgium lost and German faithlessness to treaty rights condoned.

GERMAN diplomacy seems to be using various unofficial channels, chiefly in America, to revive speculation about peace. The Chicago "Tribune" has published an outline of the terms which Germany would now demand. They are based on a return to the *status quo ante bellum* in Europe. This is supposed to include the restoration of Belgian independence, though without an indemnity. In return Germany would like to purchase the Belgian Congo. The only gain which she is now said to contemplate is such as might be incidental to a "redistribution" of colonies, particularly in Africa. She asks also for a naval agreement abolishing the capture of private property at sea in war-time. This outline is Germany's first distant approach since the war

began to a conceivable basis of discussion. *Status quo* in Europe, with some colonial gains, is now the formula. M. Viviani's insistence this week on the restoration of the lost provinces is the inevitable answer of France to these German terms.

* * *

In the scale of German resentments, the United States seems to stand only second to this country. It is not so much the moral support given by American opinion to the Allied Cause which has aroused this hatred as the material help given by the supply of munitions to the Allies. The artillery in France, and especially the French guns, are now largely dependent on American shells, and these, it seems, are of good quality, and invariably burst. Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador at Washington, presented this week a "memorandum" of protest against this one-sided supply, which it described as a breach of neutrality. The memorandum was stiff and even angry in its wording, and the Ambassador aggravated its effect by himself handing it to the press. The only practical point of the document was a suggestion that if America sells munitions to one side, she ought to insist on being allowed to export food to the other. Many of the American newspapers treat this note as a deliberate insult, and there is even talk, which finds an echo in Congress, of demanding the Ambassador's recall. It is not to the ultimate advantage of Europe that any quarrel of this kind should compromise the chances of American mediation, when at length the moment comes to make peace.

* * *

THE latest, though probably not the last, of the series of bodies of Supermen who are looking after us has been appointed in the long-expected Committee on Munitions, which, in the Prime Minister's definition of its work, is to secure the promptest and most efficient application of our available productive resources to the supply of munitions. The composition of the Committee is a little peculiar. It, of course, includes Mr. Balfour, whose assistance is just now indispensable to the management of the Empire. The rest of the places are divided among experts and politicians. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is the President, and with him Mr. Montagu, late of the Treasury, but the other great Administrative departments concerned—the War Office, the Admiralty, and the Board of Trade—are represented not by Ministers, but by officials. Mr. Arthur Henderson, who is added, again represents a great party, but not a technical judgment. Surely the value of such a Committee should consist in its store of expert knowledge and experience.

* * *

A CONFERENCE was held on Tuesday at the Board of Trade on the subject of war service for women. A number of women's societies sent delegates, but the women's trade unions were not represented in anything like their full strength. Miss Mary McArthur complained of this with justice; it is difficult to understand why the Board of Trade should set more value on the opinion of the National Society for Opposing Woman Suffrage than on that of working women trade unionists. Mr. Runciman stated that 33,000 women had entered their names on the special register, most of them working women of previous experience. Eight thousand had volunteered for armament work, two thousand for agriculture. Mr. Runciman explained that in Government contracts the Government had stipulated for equal piece rates for men and women; but he stated that they had no control over wages elsewhere, though they hoped that they would prevent a permanent lowering of wages by asking employers to keep open the men's places as far

as possible. There ought to be an Advisory Council for Women acting with the Advisory Council of Workmen.

* * *

A VERY important step was taken at the end of last week in Newcastle, when a local Committee was formed, after a conference on the subject of the supply of munitions of war. The Lord Mayor presided at the conference, and after laying stress on the urgency of the work, he proposed that a Committee should be formed. Mr. John Hill, Secretary of the Boilermakers' Society, remarked that the Lord Mayor had said nothing about employers who were reluctant to give up private work, and he insisted that if the Committee was to be effective, employers and men must have equal representation. Lord Durham proposed that the scope of the Committee should be extended to include the whole of the North-East Coast. It was finally agreed that the Committee should consist of a representative each from the Admiralty, the War Office, Home Office, and Board of Trade, seven representatives each of trade unions and employers, and a representative each from the local Recruiting Committees and Chambers of Commerce.

* * *

THE effect of this appeal to the workmen for their co-operation was seen in the telegram sent to the Prime Minister on behalf of the several trade unions (numbering nearly thirty) concerned in the armament industries. This splendid telegram deserves to be given in full:—

"We, representing the trade unions in the ship-building and engineering trades of the North-East Coast, welcome most heartily the establishment of a Committee on which the working men, the employers, and the Government Departments are represented. We do not want any more speeches about the failings of the workers, the employers, or the Government. We want to pull together and get on with it. You may tell Lord Kitchener that we shall deliver the goods. The working man of the North-East Coast will do his bit. We hope for our part that you may find it possible to be present at the first meeting of the Committee, which we understand will be called for Thursday next."

We may hope that the unfortunate incidents to which allusion is made in this telegram will now be treated as bygones by all parties.

* * *

THE U.K.A.'s annual review of the nation's drink bill shows, on the whole, that the war has rather diminished than added to the consumption of liquor. In beer there has been a net decline of 1,100,000 barrels. The consumption of wine has decreased to the extent of over twenty-five per cent. in the last five months of the year. As for spirits, in spite of a large clearance in anticipation of the Budget, and one heavy bout of drinking, which marks the first quarter of 1915, the total consumption has also decreased. The factors, as Mr. Wilson points out, are most conflicting. Some (such as the heavy increase in the beer duty) have favored spirit drinking. Others, such as the removal of the army to France and the supervision of the habits of the newly enlisted soldiers, have made for temperance. Another set, such as high wages and over-work, have driven men to the bottle. But, on the whole, the case is one for watchfulness rather than for excessive alarm. The nation has not abandoned its old habits; but it certainly has not drunk itself into idleness or torpor.

* * *

THE country will hear with grief, tempered by pride, of the death of Gladstone's grandson at the front. The younger Gladstone inherited not a little of his grandfather's character; something, we think, of his political genius. The young life and the old one now belong to the nation and to glory.

Politics and Affairs.

WHAT THE NATION CAN DO.

IN an article by Mr. Henri Lavedan in "L'Illustration," there is a vivid picture of the effect of contact with the realities of war upon the character and demeanor of soldiers returning from the front. M. Lavedan was impressed with the gravity, almost the aloofness, of these men. For them life had taken on a new and deep coloring, as it assumed, in Browning's poem, for the Lazarus who returned from the house of the dead. Observers here note the same characteristic in our own soldiers. Does the nation share their gravity? It is far from being insensible; and to those who understand it, its characteristic mood of playful irony merely veils its underlying concern. But it is not to be expected of an island folk that they should have at the back of their minds the Continent's close knowledge and vision of what war means, and the issues of this war of wars have not been so put to them that the inevitable defect of imagination has been made good. Nor have all sections stood equally well the strain of over-work and over-excitement which the preparation of the means of war has involved. There has been no real failure of a class, even of a section of a class. The armament workers have been the subject of a rather hasty indictment. But the other day the directors of one of the greatest of the armament firms, which imposes labor of a peculiarly exacting and exhausting kind, said emphatically of their employees—not of one body alone, but of the entire vast group—"Our men are magnificent." If, therefore, a fringe of this class have given way to an old national failing, the importance of this defection is due not so much to their numbers as to the manner in which, owing to the interlocking character of factory labor, a small body of "slackers" can bring production to a standstill. This has occurred at an hour when an athletic effort is wanted from the nation as a whole, and especially from the makers of war munitions. Every needless day or hour of war is more danger to the country, a fresh term of hell for Europe.

So temptation must be minimized. What direction should the effort take? We hold to the view that the prohibition of all alcohol is an impossible remedy. It could only be adopted on the false theory of a degraded working-class. The rich and the comfortable would have proclaimed and executed this theory, and yet it would be impossible to devise a measure which would not have enabled the richest and most comfortable of them to escape its penalties. The moral obstacle would therefore have been fatal. You do not get good work out of men who feel they have been unjustly dealt with. The resentment would have been keenest of all among the more moderate beer-drinkers in the iron and steel works, where thirst is a condition of labor, not an accident of it. Such a measure therefore would have defeated its purpose, and given no real impetus to the form of production at which it was aimed. The nation must act together, not in segments. And it must also act with enthusiastic feeling and firm moral decision. A prohibition of the sale of spirits, an effort to substitute lighter for heavier beers,

coupled with a further restriction of selling hours (especially of morning hours), and a later attempt to reform the character of the public-house, should obviously bring about a large restriction of bad habits. But the country has been invited to look for a deeper measure of amelioration, and it would like to stamp the occasion with an act of which it was itself the author.

Such a departure could well be made in the shape of a removal of the sale of liquor from the region of private profit, and the assumption of full public control and ownership. It is clear that if the country steps in, it can do so without the reproach of class favoritism. We say the country, for we mean something more than the Government. We are thinking of an accord of all parties—Conservatives, Unionists, Liberals, Laborists—and of an acceptance by the trade of the accompanying scheme of compensation. Those are the conditions. The tone of the Conservative press is not at present favorable to the large consideration of this great question, though we believe that the leaders are much more disposed to such a view. We cannot break the existing unity of the nation by a violent controversy on temperance. Neither can we turn an emergency into an excuse for forcing abstract doctrine into premature practice. It is the poet's question of "Right thou feelest, rush to do." And the possibility of action depends in the main on one consideration. Will the trade consent? Why should they? asks the sceptic. Why should they not? is an entirely practical retort. For whatever happens to the liquor interest, the decline in the national consumption is as certain as the rising of to-morrow's sun. It has begun already—the straitened times before us, the change of habits induced by the war, the growing refinement of our people, will all tend to quicken it. If these changes take place by voluntary process, compensation is out of the question. The trade will merely be straitened as the nation grows more and more out of its old custom of dependence on it. Compensation can only come under a measure in which the nation agrees to take the present position of the trade into fair consideration—let us say the market-price of breweries, public-houses, free and tied, and licensed premises in general, on January 1st, 1914, and exchange their interests for State credit. The nation thus gains a great moral advantage, for which, if its resources are large enough to bear this new extension, it can afford to pay. But is the trade ever likely to have a better offer, or to retire so safely from its dubious and ever weakening position?

These are the outlying conditions of a transfer of this dangerous industry to hands in which we can be sure that it will be brought, at once and in the future, into a decently safe and honorable relationship with our people. The man to whom alcohol is an absolutely accursed and poisonous thing cannot, of course, accept the view that any such relationship is possible. But that is not the national attitude. If it were, we should not have to face an evil which has indeed come upon us, with the war, suddenly and with the power to affect the moral of thousands, but which is also a rooted infirmity of our people. The remedy which the Government are now considering is in the nature of a self-cure; it can be extended and enhanced with each step in our advance towards refine-

ment and self-respect. We can get from it precisely the measure and kind of temperance reform that the spirit and feeling of the nation desire. That seems to us its grand merit; but it is for the country to say whether it possesses the moral energy to act as its own physician.

THE NEW SYNDICALISM.

THE meeting that was held at Newcastle on Friday to discuss the supply of munitions for the war may prove an important event in the history, not of the war only, but of industrial Britain. When we think of the spirit in which the dockers were spoken of, and the levity with which they were left to their fate in their last struggle, or of the tone of most newspapers towards the railway workers in 1911, we can understand what a revolution is implied in the policy that has now been adopted in the case of the armament workers. A North-East Coast Committee has been set up, on which the trade unions have seven representatives, to consider the whole problem of organizing and mobilizing labor for the production of armaments. It is recognized in this transaction that the working men are not a blind army of labor to be marshalled, disciplined, and controlled by the employers; that they have a right to be consulted on questions relating to their industry, and that they can help the nation with their advice and special knowledge. The War Office needs their organizing help as much as it needs that of the employers, and the industry in which they work is as much theirs as it is the industry of the capitalists. We trust that now the problem has been approached in this spirit, the Government will not spoil its plan by want of daring or imagination. The immediate effect was seen in the notable telegram sent to the Prime Minister on behalf of some twenty-two trade unions: "You may tell Lord Kitchener that we shall deliver the goods." Let this principle of active co-operation be followed in all difficulties. The employers have made experiments in scientific management, in long hours, in the seven-day week, in various methods of stimulating and increasing production. What we want is the workman's experience and the workman's judgment. He sees another side of these experiments, and it is a side that a nation disregards at its peril. In the old days manufacturers used to say that a child's occupation in the mill was light and easy, and a well-known economist compared it to the life of a fag at Harrow. But men and women who had done the work had very different memories of its strain, and when Fielden made a personal experiment, he was horrified by the result. Let the workmen who have been undergoing this strain, and who know how and where it has told, be given their say in the arrangement of working hours and working days. And, of course, in all the delicate questions relating to the introduction of new labor, the terms of employment, the arrangements for readjustment now and later, their co-operation is essential.

We urged at the very beginning of the war that the true way to elicit the full strength of the nation was to call the trade unions to a direct and responsible share in the management of the preparation for war. It is

necessary to eliminate two features of the industry that is based on private enterprise, if the full power of the workmen is to come into play in a national crisis. The first is the element of private profit; the second, the false position in which the workman generally finds himself as a producer with no acknowledged control over the conditions under which he produces. When war broke out, the armament firms ought to have been taken under public control, profits should have been limited, and the workmen consulted. There is good ground for Lord Durham's complaint at the Newcastle meeting of the delay of the War Office. We hope that no time will be lost now in this democratic mobilization, and we presume that the measures for limiting profits will be announced in the near future.

When the world disappeared under our feet in the earthquake last August, there were many speculations about the Britain that would emerge from the war. Would the history of the last great struggle repeat itself, would the upper classes gain in power, and the working classes find that they had lost some of their hardly won rights? It was natural to be full of gloomy apprehension, and even now it is early to reassure oneself, with the knowledge of the disorganization that threatens us when peace comes. But it is legitimate to hope and to believe that trade-union principles will in some respects have gained new power and authority. The precedents of the war must and will count. Take such a step as the organization of the Liverpool dockers. There are obvious risks from the workers' point of view in the introduction of military discipline, even for a special purpose; but, on the other hand, here is a thorough scheme for decasualizing labor, and one feature of it is the compulsion on dockers to belong to their union. After this, can we revert to the old tone about the sacred rights of the non-unionists? Will it be possible when next the unions or any union makes a determined effort to eliminate non-union labor to forget this striking tribute to the justice and value of the principle? And even if we allow to the full for the inconsistency of human nature, casual and non-union labor must be doomed, at any rate at the Liverpool docks. Similarly with this important step on the North-East Coast; the workers have been called in for a special purpose, but the effect will not end there or with those workers. What is good for the making of guns is good for the making of khaki; what is good for the necessities of war is good for the purposes of peace. This departure makes an interesting stage in the development of our ideas and experience. Twenty years ago we were all inclined to think that if there was something obviously wrong with industry, the remedy was nationalization. Make the State master, and sweating would disappear. We now see that that is not enough, that the State may be as harsh and unfeeling a taskmaster as anybody else, and that if and when we nationalize an industry, it still remains of supreme importance that we should give authority and representation to the workers engaged in it. Syndicalism, whatever its crudities, has enforced this lesson, and the action of the Government in the case of the armament workers is at once a tribute to the truth of this idea and a symptom of its growing power.

GERMAN STRATEGY AND TACTICS.

THE German military student who, in years to come, brings a critical mind to bear upon the history of the war, will discover, behind all the obvious surprises it contained for his nation, a number of striking sidelights upon the current trend of German strategy and tactics. It is, of course, clear that at present no final judgment can be delivered upon any operation, even the earliest, of the war. Authoritative detail is lacking. Still there is sufficient information about a number of operations to justify certain conclusions of more than a little moment. Strategy and tactics have been submitted to the final test, and it is interesting to note the conditions and limits of their success. Broadly, it may be stated at once, the strategy and tactics of the nation which had most vaunted its military competence have shown themselves rigid beyond the critical point, and have broken down in precisely those directions which the subtler French theorists had indicated.

It is necessary at the outset to make a distinction between dominant military theory and the actual practice during the war. The German generals have not been lacking in initiative or versatility in their conduct of the campaigns on either front. But a positive theory has a dynamic value even when action is directed on the lines of an opposite or different theory. The keen and sympathetic student of the Russian campaign has always felt that the greatest peril of Warsaw lay not in the German onslaughts, however vehemently these were urged, so much as in the currency, though not the dominance, among Russian military students of an opinion that it was not necessary to hold the city. Whatever the force with which Russia has defended Warsaw, the currency of such a theory might have been and may be, in the complexity which makes the final success, the hair which turns the scale. In that last moment the deciding factor is not guns or equipment, but psychology. The belief in the impossibility of a successful operation may similarly, in the test of warfare, predispose to its failure.

German strategy and tactics (and they have adherents in many of the strategical writers of other nations) have for long been obsessed with the theory which may be expressed in the precept: "Hold on the front; attack on the flank." This does not, of course, mean any passivity in the force which holds the front. The infantry regulations expressly insist upon the necessity of a vigorous frontal attack as the best means of holding the enemy. Nor is the rule held so woodenly that it precludes the carrying of positions on the front. Local successes of that sort are to be expected; and, if the enemy draws a continuous line in advance of a necessary objective, piercing the front is the only expedient. But, except in this case, the German theorists regarded it impracticable to achieve a decision by piercing the enemy's front. They accepted as almost axiomatic the principle that the front is inviolable when held by the well-placed and well-covered troops of the armies of to-day. Their conviction, arising from the accuracy, range, and rapidity of fire, has derived an increasing momentum from the study of the wars of the last half-century. Napoleon was able to break through the opposing front; but fire

was then comparatively ineffective, and the action of troops in adjoining sectors not so thoroughly correlated. But in the Franco-Prussian war no decision was achieved by direct frontal action, and the great victories of the Japanese in the Russo-Japanese war were flank decisions. The effect of a study of these two campaigns and of other modern wars has been to establish the conviction of the inviolability of the front to such an extent that in manoeuvres of recent years German generals have not even attempted to achieve a decision save upon one or both flanks.

The German position, however, does not seem to be founded upon any profound analysis. A decision is won in a flank attack, and prevented in a frontal attack, by converging fire. But while this is true, the generalization is susceptible of further analysis. Convergence of fire only operates when a flank attack is already successful, just as it only operates against a piercing movement while this is unsuccessful. A flank attack until the flank is turned is merely a secondary frontal attack. The main front is not enfiladed, there is no converging fire, until the flank is turned. Grant the same success to a piercing movement, and the troops on both sides of the fracture are laid open to flank attack and enfiladed. And this becomes the more probable from a variety of reasons. The frontal attack has an element of surprise which an offensive against the flank rarely possesses. It is impossible to say until the movement is on the verge of being driven home upon which point of a long front the blow will fall. The recent recovery of Neuve Chapelle shows that, even under modern conditions of reconnaissance, artillery and troops can be massed on a small front without the enemy's knowledge. But every general knows where a flank attack must fall, and if he is wise echelons troops in the rear, in support. Moreover, the confidence with which the inviolability of the front was held has directly weakened the front, and made the chances of a successful attack greater. For armies brought up on that tradition tend to extend their lines, and place their general reserve where, according to hypothesis, they alone are useful—on the flanks. The extended lines at Mukden could almost certainly have been broken if Kuropatkin had used part of his reserve, and Nodzu could have been cut off from Kuroki, and taken in rear.

After a careful study of this campaign, the Russians possibly saw that the completeness with which the inviolability of the front was held offered an encouraging chance. In the third week of the war, *Rennenkampf* broke the front of the army of von François at Gumbinnen, and threatened his right flank with envelopment. Ruzsky, about a fortnight later, broke through between Dankl's and Auffenberg's forces, turned south, and took Lemberg; then turned north, and drove in Dankl's right. These were two victories by frontal attack, since *Rennenkampf* swept his enemy into Königsberg, and the Austrian retreat became a rout. In the west a similar movement had been successful. The public mind in this country has been centred upon the battle of Mons and the retreat to the Seine. But the chaotic situation in the angle of the Sambre and Meuse, which to a great extent conditioned Mons, was produced by a frontal

attack across the Meuse by von Hausen. Piercing the French centre, von Hausen at once took the 5th French army, at Charleroi, in the rear, and threatened the left flank of the 4th French army on the Meuse. It was this that made the angle of the Sambre and Meuse untenable, compelled the French retreat, and, as a natural consequence and in the worst conditions, the British retreat. The French had their revenge a little later. The Battle of the Marne has been fairly generally conceived in Great Britain as a series of victories of the British army, with a little help from a French army operating against the German right flank. It is, therefore, conceived as the success of a flank attack. Without at all depreciating the splendid work of the British and Manoury's skilful and heroic work, it is necessary to point out that, when von Kluck had fallen back to the Ourcq, the centre of the German line still held south of the Marne, across toward Vitry. The western section of the line was composed of von Buelow's army, including the famous Prussian Guard. Opposed to it was the recently formed 9th French army under General Foch, probably the most skilful and daring commander in the French line. The retirement of von Kluck exposed von Buelow's flank, which was promptly attacked, and eventually flung into the marshes of St. Gond, then real marshes from the recent rains. This was bad enough; but Foch, seizing upon a weak point farther east, broke through between von Buelow's and von Hausen's army—a strange and speedy retribution—turned von Buelow's left flank, and then attacked von Hausen's right. Foch's action, pressed home, forced the rest of the German line to fall back. The piercing action had again proved successful. There are other minor instances of the same tactics achieving success, such as the action of the Lower San, which ended the resistance in the angle of the Vistula and the San, and also took the Austrian force at Sandomierz in flank. And it is safe to say that this is the form of tactics which has proved most successful in the war.

The classical instance of its failure fell to the Germans when, in piercing the Russian line about Lodz, a division was cut off, and the converging fire across the wedge played havoc with two army corps. Oddly enough, too, it has been these protagonists of the flank attack who have most often offered an insufficiently guarded flank to their enemy. At the Ourcq and north of Warsaw they were compelled to fall back, and in the latter case just escaped disaster from what their general tactical tradition looks upon as inevitable. In only one case has a German flank attack been decisive. The Germans drove the Allies from the Sambre to the Seine, but secured no victory nor their objective, Paris. The Allied flank attack, on the other hand, in reducing the German armies to impotence, was, in comparison, decisive. The attempts to outflank towards the north and towards the coast proved unsuccessful on both sides. The one case of a decisive victory from the flank attack—Tannenberg—depended upon an *ensemble* of unique circumstances. In fine, victory so far has favored the piercing movement; and the strategy and tactics of the future will cease to be mesmerized by facile triumphs on the flank, and the terrors of converging fire for a

wedge driven into the centre of a line. The Russian Staff conspicuously, and the French little less, have shown a much more elastic and subtle hold upon the principles which compass success in the field, though their application in manœuvres may look more confused and risky.

THE CASE OF BULGARIA.

It looks as if Bulgaria is at the parting of the ways. The well-known correspondent of the "Times" at Sofia asserts that the object of General von der Goltz's mission to Berlin is to urge the Kaiser to send 300,000 men to assist the Turks. A subsequent telegram adds that in case of a refusal Young Turkey proposes to endeavor to make terms with the Entente. Assuming these statements to be true, and I think them at least probable, it is important to try to see what they mean. Three or four weeks ago the Young Turk Government was considering the question whether Constantinople, during the combined attack from the Ægean and the Black Sea, should not be temporarily abandoned as the capital, and the archives and the seat of Government transferred to the interior of the country. Three places were proposed: Brusa, which on various occasions in Turkish history has been the capital; Eskisheir, which is on the railway and at the end of the ascent leading to the Great Central Plain of Konia; and Adrianople. The telegraph has informed us that Eskisheir was chosen. Enver Pasha, however, the principal Turk who aided Germany in rushing Turkey into war, favored the transfer of the capital to Adrianople, and this probably acting on the counsel of the German Ambassador. Connecting this fact with the application made to the Kaiser, one has an insight into the German intention. Three hundred thousand troops, with, of course, the consent of Austria, would hasten through Hungary, cross the Danube into Bulgaria, and, by the aid of the railway from Plevna, force a way through Sofia and Philippopolis to Adrianople.

The proposal is a bold one, and worthy of General von der Goltz. Of course, if such an attempt were made, the Turkish Army, collected at Adrianople, numbering possibly 250,000 men, would join with the Germans in Southern Bulgaria. In presence of such an attempt, the attitude of Bulgaria would become of supreme importance. She is now protesting loudly and honestly her intention of remaining neutral, and it may be suggested that the dread of German "frightfulness" would prevent her from doing more than continue to protest against so gross a violation of neutrality. It is inconceivable, however, to anyone who knows the Bulgarian people, that even if King Ferdinand were favorable to the invaders, or even if he proposed to remain strictly neutral, the population would follow him. Nor do I entertain the thought for an instant that Ferdinand, under such circumstances, would endeavor to induce his people to maintain neutrality. All Ferdinand's wishes are bound up in the desire to remain a Bulgarian king and founder of a Bulgarian dynasty. His son has been brought up in the Orthodox Church, much to the scandal of all the other members of his family. He was party to the Treaty of February, 1912,

by which he bound himself, in case Serbia were attacked by Austria, to place 200,000 men in the field to support his neighbor. He knows that his inaction would make Russia his irreconcilable enemy, and that his people, who regard Russia as their great deliverer, would proceed to get rid of him and his dynasty if he lent aid, even passively, to Russia's enemies. It is much more likely that public opinion would force King Ferdinand, whatever he wished, to call the whole of his army into the field to resist the Germans on the one side and the Turks on the other.

In von der Goltz's interview with King Ferdinand, one cannot imagine what arguments he could use which would show him that it was to Bulgaria's interest to allow the Germans to pass through his territory. It is true that M. Radislavof, the Bulgarian Premier, is charged by his opponents with having published a letter in June, 1913, which indicated a strong leaning of Bulgarian policy towards Austria-Hungary. Subsequent events even deepened the impression that he and his Royal master mean by neutrality one with a leaning in favor of Austria and Germany. It is unfortunate that such an impression should have been current. Put plainly, it means that in England as well as in Russia and France, the Bulgarian Government is regarded as friendly towards Germany and Austria, and unfriendly towards the Entente. But while the impression undoubtedly exists and is mischievous, I believe it to be groundless. M. Radislavof's history does not indicate that he is opposed even to Russia. He was one of the contributors to the fall of M. Stambuloff in May, 1894. That strong and all-too-violent opponent of Russia was succeeded by Stoiloff, but Radislavof was a prominent member of his Government, whose mission was to reconcile Russia to Bulgaria. M. Radislavof retired for a while, but returned to office with M. Gueshoff, a man of statesmanlike mind, and a great admirer of England and of Russia. Nor does M. Radislavof's conduct—and he has been in office since August, 1913—justify the belief that he would willingly act in favor of Austria. These facts should be noted to his credit, and the further one, that when, at the end of last November, Serbia was in the worst position with regard to her enemy that she has ever been, when even in the early days of December, we who were in Constantinople believed with almost all Europe that the Serbian army had been annihilated, Bulgaria refused to yield to the intense popular feeling against Serbia, and to attack her. Both Greece and Rumania had declined to come to Serbia's aid. Bulgaria assured our Government that she would keep quiet, and kept her word. Your readers know that Bulgaria believes herself to have suffered great wrong at the hands of Serbia. It would take up too much of your space to tell its story. Briefly put, it is the following. Bulgaria and Serbia, with whom subsequently Greece joined, formed the Balkan League. There was a portion of Southern Macedonia as to the partition of which Bulgaria and Serbia did not agree. They wisely decided to leave the apportionment or the division of such territory to the Tsar of Russia. His Majesty accepted this mission. Then came the Second Balkan War. Among the causes which led to it was, in my opinion, the unrighteous demands of the War Party

of Bulgaria. This is not the place to inquire who were in fault, but bitter feelings of hostility were aroused. In March, 1913, Serbia officially informed Bulgaria that the Treaty already mentioned must be revised in favor of Serbia. It is unfortunate that Russia on that occasion did not interfere and claim that the provisions of a treaty to which she had consented should be carried out.

Then Serbia and Greece made a treaty of partition, dividing between themselves the territory which was to have been left to the decision of the Tsar of Russia. Since that time the bitterness of hostility which has existed between the three States is appalling. Russia made many attempts to persuade Serbia to be reasonable. All failed. Bulgaria, which had done most in resisting the Turkish invasion, obtained by far the smallest accession of territory. The division arrived at by the secret treaty to which Bulgaria was no party was confirmed by that of Bucharest. Hence the grievance of Bulgaria.

Meantime, the country is prospering in quite a remarkable degree. An American friend of mine who traversed it recently states that immediately after the war the inhabitants of the great peasant State took more eagerly than ever to the tilling of their fields, and predicted that within a year virtually all traces of the war would be lost. The Bulgarians will see readily enough that the crossing of a German army through their territory, which should join up with the Turks, might mean their being again placed under the Turkish yoke, and every man and woman in the country would fight to the death to prevent such a calamity. For this reason I am firmly convinced that if von der Goltz had persuaded the Kaiser, and if Germany could have spared the troops in question, the King of Bulgaria, with the consent of the whole of his people, would have ceased to be strictly neutral and fought.

In the interests of Bulgaria, however, I wish to see her grievances removed. She claims that the conditions in the original treaty constituting the Balkan League should be fulfilled, and that the Tsar of Russia should be allowed to fulfil the office of arbitrator, as Serbia and Bulgaria with the Tsar's consent had agreed. I go further, and say that Bulgaria cannot be expected to be content with the miserable port of Dedeagatch as her only opening on the Ægean. Serbia has done well in the great war, and if the successes of the Entente are continued, as we all hope and believe they will be, she may yet aspire to the acquisition of a road to the Ægean and to a very large extent of territory in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Bulgaria should at least receive a definite and formal promise from the Powers and from Serbia that when peace is signed the disputed portion of territory in South Macedonia should be left to the arbitration of the Tsar of Russia. Such a promise made formally, and communicated to the world, would probably put an end at once to all talk of Bulgarian neutrality. So long as it continues, Roumania's force is crippled and even that of Serbia is weakened.

Hence, I say that Bulgaria is at the parting of the ways. If she contemplates seeing Germans and Turks shake hands across her frontiers, she is heading for a return of Turkish rule. If, on the other hand, she throws in her lot with the Powers of the Entente, it will be their duty, and one from which they will not shrink, to see that

Bulgaria is not to be bound by the unjust conditions of the Treaty of Bucharest. But to assure her allegiance without delay to the cause of these Powers, she should receive a formal declaration from them that her grievances shall be removed. It is due to her and it is in the interest of the Entente and in that of the future peace of the Balkans that such a declaration should be made as speedily as possible.

EDWIN PEARS.

A London Diary.

It is, of course, premature to talk of a Government Bill for the nationalization of the drink trade, with or without the distilleries. The matter was not considered at the Cabinets of the early part of the week, and obviously it cannot be a party measure. Either the Government moves with the Opposition, or it does not move at all. Conference there has been, and not unfruitful or unsympathetic conference. But its fruits naturally depend on the general assent of the trade to the terms of compensation. There are those who say that the shifting of the controversy from the issue of prohibition to that of nationalization is due to hints from the trade. That goes a little too far, but a realizable agreement among Liberals, Conservatives, moderate temperance reformers (excluding the Alliance), and the trade is a much nearer thing than, I should say, the success of any of the merely political conferences of the last three years.

CRITICISM may be invited to go a little slow over the publication of the interview with the Pope which a German-American journalist has procured for his newspaper. It is something, perhaps, of the nature of a signal of distress, flying from a high quarter. It may be something more of a ruse, in which a phrase of the Pope's, inviting the United States to abstain from every act likely to prolong the war, is ingeniously twisted into a hint to stop the sale of munitions to the Allies. That, of course, is the usual Teutonic gloss. But it would be an error to place the accomplished and prudent Benedict XV. in the category of the Pious Indiscreet who preceded him, or to assume that the Vatican is now, at least, a mere organ of pro-Germanism. That might have been a fair description of those early days of the war when the Prussian-Austrian-Bavarian representation held the field without a rival. It is not true of the Vatican to-day. The British Mission has not been fruitless, nor is the Entente and the special part which we play in it, an unconsidered element in the Curia. As for peace, it is not likely to come to-day or to-morrow. But, I suppose, it is still permissible for a Pope to pray for it.

AMERICAN observation of Germany has been peculiarly close and thorough, and until the breach of the last week or so, and the feeling that American sympathy had disappeared, has been encouraged on the German side. I saw one of these pilgrims the other day, whose opportunities had been exceptional, and whose judgment, if a little biased by association, struck me as well-furnished and acute. His main conclusions from a prolonged tour in Germany and Austria were as follows: (1)

that so far as Austria was concerned there was little or no hatred of England (Russia being the *bête noire*), and that in Germany it was less noticeable in Bavaria, while a small class of intellectuals, and some newspapers, notably the "Berliner Tageblatt," were discouraging it; (2) that until the defeats in the Carpathians, Austria was fairly proud of her army and its achievements, and not discouraged to the point of surrender; (3) that Germany could live on a scale of rations slightly reduced from that now prevailing, but that it would be necessary for her to maintain an equation between her supply of potatoes and her stock of swine, which must be further reduced; (4) that her ablest public men recognized the probable failure of their offensive on both fronts, and that if to this were added a series of defeats, she would be prepared to offer peace in two or three months; but then only on the basis of a "draw" to the state of things before the war; (5) that the general spirit of the country, and especially of the women, was not shaken, or the carefully and constantly instilled belief in the defensive character of the war.

RUMOR has rarely filled the air with wilder tales of desolation—of cashiered generals, misled troops, frightful losses (20,000 was a moderate estimate) and friends slaying friends—than attended the long pause before the publication of Sir John French's despatch describing the battle of Neuve Chapelle. Yet the general issues of the battle—the success of the early attacks, the failure of the latter, the fatal descent of the fog, the partial failure of the artillery service which was to complete the victory—have been known in London for weeks, and might surely have been communicated by half-a-dozen journalists who knew their soldiering. A long interval of doubt and depression might have been saved the country; for the truth, though grave, and likely to stir afresh the earlier scepticism as to the wisdom of the operation, comes on the whole as a tonic to the nation, and a renewal of its well-accredited faith in the brilliant qualities of its soldiery.

THE House of Commons will hardly look like its old self when the Serjeant-at-Arms's fine figure disappears from the Chair to the left of the doorway. Sir David Erskine has long been one of its institutions. He was a man of the utmost reserve of character. I believe he was a Conservative, but who ever gathered an opinion from the smiling enigma of his face and the calm neutrality of his conversation? His singular benignity of demeanor was not unaccompanied by a certain rigidity of view, in one development of which I have the remembrance of playing a part. But it softened with years into an admirably tactful and considerate relationship to the Press. Of course, in itself the association of the Serjeant-at-Arms with the Press Gallery is a thoroughly vicious one. It is merely an old badge of servitude, in no way adapted to the modern newspaper. It has never really been reformed, never been brought up to date, and it is to-day as great an anachronism as the distribution of admissions to the Gallery, and the physical atrocities of that venerable cattle-pen.

I HOPE that now that Parliament is sitting again, the conditions under which children are being employed

in agriculture will be closely investigated. It will be remembered that the Prime Minister, when he spoke on the subject, assumed that children would not be employed unless farmers had tried the Labor Exchanges, and tried them in vain. In how many counties are the farmers using these Exchanges? I know of one (Hertfordshire), but I much doubt whether there are any others. In Hertfordshire the County Council held out against child labor. The way in which the Government has stepped into this dangerous surrender is an unhappy contrast with its recognition of the workmen's case in the armament industries. Ministers must be pressed for the facts, and the House of Commons must insist that at the very least the use of the Labor Exchanges is made compulsory. At present, I cannot find that there are any safeguards whatever against the sheer exploiting of the children in the villages.

A WAYFARER.

THE STATE OWNERSHIP OF THE LIQUOR TRADE.

PUBLIC opinion has practically settled that there must be some restriction on the sale of alcoholic liquor during the war. And it is not surprising that, not merely among statesmen and politicians, but among the members of the liquor trade, when the means of giving effect to this decision and the results which will ensue when it becomes operative have been considered, the further question should arise whether many difficulties would not be easier of solution if the State took the manufacture and sale of liquor entirely out of private hands.

The trade, I think, realizes that when the war is over it will be in a much weaker economic position than it was last August. The new tax on beer is not very likely to be removed when the war is over, for the war debt will involve an extra annual charge, for interest and sinking fund, of not less than fifty millions during the whole of the next two generations. This tax may be passed on to the consumer, but the reduction in consumption which it will involve will curtail the profits of the brewer and the publican. And what will curtail them still more is the reduction in consumption which is likely to take place, not merely during the war itself, but afterwards, through the attitude which is being taken by the King, his Ministers, the chiefs of the Army, Society, and the Press. I suppose we may take it as probable that anyhow the manufacture of spirits for home consumption and their sale in this country will be prohibited for the period of the war. The reduction in the alcoholic strength of beer, which is also probable, will presumably have no adverse effect on the profits of the publican. But the almost universal recognition of the fact that the stronger kinds of liquor do impair every kind of efficiency will have very far-reaching results after the war is over. And when the habit of drinking has been abandoned compulsorily, or out of a sense of duty to the nation, the man who has proved for himself that he can do without liquor without suffering in health or power of work will be certain to spend less on it himself, and to discourage its consumption by his children. Any prudent man, therefore, who could get for his invest-

ment in brewery or distillery securities what it was worth in the market last year would think twice or thrice before he refused the offer. There seems some controversy as to whether the idea of selling to the State originated with the trade or with the Government, but I think it may be taken as pretty certain that, despite diplomatic disclaimers, the trade would be willing sellers if they could get pre-war prices for their property.

Now is it worth the nation's while to buy on these terms? As a life-long student of the question, with twenty years' experience of licensing administration, I have come to the conclusion that it is. It may be taken for granted, I think, that the Opposition leaders would not give their assent to expropriation on any terms less favorable to the trade. Without their consent no legislation for compulsory expropriation is a Parliamentary possibility at this juncture. But if that consent is forthcoming—and Ministers would not have instituted the careful and serious inquiries they have during the last week unless they had some reasonable grounds for thinking that it was obtainable—ought the nation to refuse the opportunity of obtaining once for all complete freedom to deal in the national interest with a trade whose conduct and regulation is of vital national concern? I think not.

When we review the past efforts of strong Governments like those of Mr. Gladstone in 1871, and of Mr. Asquith in 1908, to amend the licensing laws, we have to recognize that the liquor interest has proved itself capable of defeating every serious attempt to regulate it in the public interest. The power of the liquor trade in private hands has hitherto proved an unassailable fortress. It is not necessary to assume that if the trade be taken over by the State, or by some public authority constituted for the purpose, the reforms which are instituted will be precisely those contained in the Licensing Bill of 1908. But if the barrier of private interest be removed, we shall be able to do whatever may be necessary to increase the national output of material during the war, and the experience we get by the trial of these expedients will be of the greatest value in shaping our ultimate policy.

A considerable reduction in the facilities for obtaining liquor would clearly be practicable. No one, I think, seriously doubts that if all the public-houses in the country were owned by one large brewery trust, with a monopoly in the retailing of liquor, their number would be reduced by half in a very short time. If the nation were the owner, it could do this and more. It could stop early morning drinking. It could reduce the hours of sale on Sundays. If it owned all the breweries it could brew a lighter beer and favor its consumption by fiscal discrimination. If the State were the sole brewer and distiller it could deal with the supply and distribution of liquor in clubs. It could reform the public-house, or provide out of the profits of the trade counter attractions to it. It could—indeed, it is absolutely essential that it should—remunerate all its employees in such a way as to give them no pecuniary interest in the sale of alcoholic liquor, though it might, and probably would, give them a direct interest in stimulating the sale of other beverages and of food.

It could give localities very extensive options to regulate the number of public-houses in their neighborhood, and to prescribe the conditions on which they were to be managed. For the proposal of ownership by the State, or by a specially constituted authority on behalf of the State, is a very different proposition from that of municipal ownership, which the majority of temperance reformers have strenuously opposed. Municipal ownership would give the local elector a motive for stimulating the consumption of liquor in order to reduce the rates. National ownership would give him no such effective motive. He would have no appreciable pecuniary interest in voting against a proposal for local reform.

It may, of course, be said that though the ratepayer would have no interest in stimulating the sale of liquor, the taxpayer would. But the taxpayer has that interest now. More than a third of the retail price of liquor goes into the National Exchequer under the existing system. Yet the interest of the taxpayer has never proved in the past an appreciable factor in the resistance to temperance reform. But the interest of the publican and the brewery shareholder has, as everyone knows, been not merely a large but a determining factor. That interest would be entirely swept away. It may be said that in the management of breweries and public-houses a public authority would have to employ ex-brewers and publicans, and that they would tend to manage on the old lines. That is true, I think, though the elimination of private profit would make a good deal of difference. But the body which did the technical work of manufacture need not, and indeed should not, be the body that laid down the regulations for management and control. And I have premised that the progressive opinion of the locality would be given a very large opportunity of initiating experiments in reform.

I am not insensible to the many difficulties that will arise in working out a scheme of national purchase. There might have to be some exceptions for hotels and restaurants. There might be a difficulty in taking over distilleries doing a large export trade, though it is to be hoped that these would not prove insuperable. The bearing of the transaction on the national credit is, no doubt, being carefully considered by the Treasury. Presumably, the owners of breweries and public-houses would be paid, not in cash, but in some form of national stock. The effect of such an issue on existing national securities would not be negligible, though it would be small in comparison with that of the War Loan already issued and the further loan which is shortly to be offered to the public. At any rate, there would be a very substantial dividend-earning property to represent the liability created by the new loan. And I take it that the proposal would be abandoned at once if the trade held out for an exorbitant price. We shall not repeat the London water purchase mistake. To give pre-war market prices would be to deal generously with the trade, and anything beyond the price which a willing seller would have taken last year is out of the question.

But all these difficulties seem to me small compared with the enormous advantages which would be obtained by the State if it obtained the power to regulate at its discretion during the present war, and for all time thereafter, a dangerous industry, unfettered by those

private interests which, however estimable may be the individuals who own them, have always proved anti-social in their tendency and effect. An opportunity for obtaining this power seems suddenly to have presented itself. Do any of my readers believe that it will recur in the lifetime of this generation? And need we refuse to embrace it merely because a transaction advantageous in the national interest would also be a good bargain for the Trade?

E. RICHARD CROSS.

Life and Letters.

THE MAKER OF GREECE.

SOME races seem to achieve their utmost under leaders who, so far from expressing the national temperament, are the personification of all the qualities which it lacks. It is possible that this is true of all races at some times, but it is especially true of some races at the most critical moments in their history. Few Englishmen who have come in contact with M. Venezelos have failed to make the remark that he impresses them, not as a Greek at all, but as a member of some Northern race. The phenomenon is not peculiar. Cavour led Italy in rather similar circumstances, by something of the same rather piquant contrast of temperament. Napoleon did so much to make France that one is apt to forget that he was no Frenchman, and some students of his character think that he was always aware of the racial contrast between himself and the nation which he led, and aware of it even with a certain hostility and contempt. It may sound absurd to-day to suggest that Bismarck was not quite a typical German, but to our fathers the observation would have sounded natural enough. He was, indeed, an exaggerated type of the Prussian Junker, and he consciously lived and dressed and drank the part. But his task was to lead the dreamy sentimental idealistic Germany of theory and inaction, and he led it with success, because he was a foreigner to it. The ascendancy of Parnell in Ireland is, perhaps, the nearest of all these parallels to the authority which M. Venezelos won in Greece. Both men were outwardly cold, reserved, cautious, and a little lacking in the obvious graces, in the midst of races excitable, expansive, swift in action, and gifted in the instinctive arts of expression and social converse. Parnell, indeed, imposed his authority with a conscious exercise of ascendancy that must have been on occasion overbearing and even brutal. M. Venezelos is content to be a man with qualities rare in the Greek race; he does not need to assert himself, and indeed it is precisely because there is something almost impersonal about him, something so much bigger and calmer than the violent personal rivalries of Greek politics, that he has won and kept his great position. What is great about him is, indeed, that he is an objective intellect, which dominates men and parties as the architect and the engineer dominate stone and rock, with never a thought of itself.

Insurrections are not always a good political school, but the Cretan risings demanded in their leaders audacity with patience and firmness with finesse. The first duty of a Cretan leader was to secure the confidence and help the unity of his own people. It was on a small scale a harder task than the bringing of discipline into Greek politics. For the Cretans of twenty years ago were of several civilizations and several centuries. There were the old-world chieftains to manage, superb and primitive mountaineers, as nearly unschooled as any Greek can ever be, revered for their prowess, their

physical endurance, their legendary record of so many Turks slain with their own hand, men who lived in their hill-top villages exactly as their fathers had lived through a century of intermittent revolt, the cousins and the spiritual contemporaries of the heroes of the Greek wars of independence. Each had his local clan following, and each was jealous of the other. There were the professional men, the lawyers and the doctors, three-parts modern civilized men, with all the degrees and some of the learning of Athens, and occasionally even of Paris, tending to vanity and not conspicuously disinterested. There were Turkish Governors and Palace emissaries, the soldier counter-plotting against the civilian, the Sultan's man against the Porte's man. There were the local Moslem Beys, most of them descendants of the Venetians, who commonly stood for moderation and peace, because they dreaded the alternate massacres and the burnings of olive groves. Then there were the Great Powers, all dilatory, all suspicious, speaking now by an Admiral and again by a Consul-General. This Admiral is busy making a political career; the other, absorbed in professional studies, regards Crete as an unmitigated bore. Pro-Turkish Consuls speak for Phil-Hellenic Powers, and *vice versa*; some have come so recently as barely to know the elements of Cretan problems, and others after a residence of a generation are up to their aged necks in all the scandals and intrigues of the island. Lastly, there was Greece, always the motherland, but not always the sage counsellor, racked with faction and capable of sowing faction also in Crete.

It was, we think, mainly by a sort of detachment, a temperamental serenity, a kind of Continental bigness that the leaders of the Cretan insurrection steered their island at last to freedom. In all that world of Admirals and consuls and leaders, there were just two men who used to impress us during some months spent in Crete, as bigger than their little island world. One of them was the President, Dr. Sphakianaki, and the other was his junior and friend, Eleutherios Venezelos. They were both, we believe, of pure Greek stock (perhaps with some distant Venetian admixture), but both of them had the northern phlegm and reserve. Dr. Sphakianaki, a retired physician by profession, had as his first interest and concern in life the study of metaphysics. Settled in the insurgent headquarters on Akrotiri, out of the reach of the Turkish guns, but subject from time to time to a bombardment by the fleet of the Concert, surrounded by primitive men in the island costume, covered with knives and bandoliers, he would sit poring with his blue northern eyes on a pocket edition of "The Critique of Pure Reason," and we were able to make him happy through some weeks of acute danger and crisis by lending him a copy of F. H. Bradley's "Appearance and Reality." He retired to his study when that very inferior personality, Prince George of Greece, was sent to the island as the High Commissioner of the Powers. The real work fell then to M. Venezelos, his junior in years, and a mind less detached from mundane realities, and less content to fold his philosopher's cloak around him amid the wind and rain of faction. For some years he endured the princely misrule of the rather headstrong but none too intelligent young sailor from Athens, and then one day the world suddenly heard that Venezelos had "taken to the mountains." Prince George did not long survive that insurrection, and the radical younger generation in Greece began to look across the sea to the strong man in Crete.

The rest is recent history—how the Greek officers, in imitation of the Young Turks, made their rather aimless *coup d'état*, how all the parties and functions crumpled up before their naked swords, how the late

King George was fain to call in the Cretan Republican to save the fatherland, how he rallied a whole nation to resolute unity, brushed aside the stupid feud with Bulgaria, entered the Balkan League, and doubled the territory of Greece. Not much of the responsibility for the breach with Bulgaria and the disastrous Treaty of Bucharest falls to his account. King Constantine and the military party forced his hand—a very strong hand as a rule. He has fallen from power mainly because he was too big a man to sacrifice everything a second time to the feeling against Bulgaria. He would have bargained; the lesser man above him could only hate. The interest of his career is now in the future. For our part, we are not sure that the retirement to Samos means in fact a withdrawal from Greek politics. It may prove to be a manœuvre not unlike the Cretan "taking to the hills." The anxious question is whether the contrast in temperament between M. Venezelos and the Greek people may not have been strained too far. A leader and a people may come together as a man and woman sometimes come together in marriage, by the attraction of opposites. Age and time may end by making the fruitful contrast intolerable. We can conceive the modern Athenians turning on the objective impersonal intelligence of M. Venezelos as the ancients turned on the tedious justice of Aristides, and hurling the oyster-shell of banishment after the boat that carries him to Samos. Some nations do in the long run consider faction and party wrangles, the effervescence and boasting of flattering orators, the gossip of a mendacious press, the full-blooded pursuit of national hates, the hot life of emotion and accident, very much more amusing than the calm pursuit of constructive statecraft. That is the choice before the Greeks; its bearing on the diplomacy of the Allies is incidental. If M. Venezelos has schooled them as well as he has led them, they will call him back from Samos.

"THE GREATEST SAILOR SINCE OUR WORLD BEGAN."

TO SIR THOMAS MASTERMAN HARDY:

FIRST SEA LORD, THE ISLANDS OF THE BLEST.

The Admiralty, Whitehall. March 16th, 1915.

God knows, my dear Hardy, that I still love our country, though I never had reason to be grateful to her Governors. The debt of gratitude, I think, has lain all on the other side. Did I not tell you and Scott time after time as I lay dying in the afflicting noise of battle that I left my dearest Emma and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to our country? Was not the care of my Emma among my latest thoughts? I entrusted her to the Governors of our people, and they let her die in misery, driven from pillar to post, a refugee from prison, hunted by blood-sucking creditors to her death in a garret upon our enemy's coast. One tithe of what they spent over sticking me on the top of a column and hanging it with laurels would have maintained her in honorable condition; and which memorial do they suppose I should have valued most? But there has always been something stiff and dull about our Governors, my dear Hardy. They often reminded me of a stopped-up hawse-pipe or a sail that won't shake free.

My word, they'll have to shake free now! You know my saying, "London lives by victories at sea." Well, it seems to me that London has been living on our second victory off the Spanish coast (and it was *our* last, Hardy!) pretty nearly ever since, and that is 110 years ago come next October. All that time my image has been standing here in the entrance hall of the Admiralty

mansion where I once lay. It has turned yellow as a guinea, and the chequered pavement (reminding me of my new way of painting ships-of-the-line, called "Nelson's chequer" still, I believe)—the old pavement has worn so thin that the present First Lord almost stamps his foot through it as he comes plunging past me. But all that time my spirit has been waiting there—waiting for the hour of need. For it was ever in my nature to love my country and to hate the French.

Lord's mercy! I forgot. I mustn't say that now. My dear Hardy, see how mortality changes! You remember my three rules for a midshipman—to obey orders, honor the King, and hate a Frenchman like the devil. And now the French are our country's dearest allies, and first-rate fellows everybody thinks them. But who, do you think, is now the enemy on the seas? My dear Hardy, you would never guess. Who but the descendants of those Kings of Prussia that in our day couldn't launch a cockle—hadn't a ship among them even to join in the Armed Neutrality that made the devil's own fuss about neutral shipping and our right of search for contraband of war, and so took you and me (and poor old Parker, too) to Copenhagen to settle that question; because a fleet of ships of war are the best negotiators in Europe. But Prussians will do just as well, provided they are the enemy. Not that I would maltreat even an enemy, beyond annihilating him so long as he resists our arms. As I wrote to the French Minister at Genoa, "Generous nations are above rendering any other damage to individuals than such as the known laws of war prescribe." And if we do not remain a generous nation, I wish I had never been born.

But talking of annihilation, you know how I said as we beat up to Trafalgar that "numbers only can annihilate" (I heard it misquoted last Sunday as "munitions only, &c."). Well, it seems that those so-called Germans have been piling up immense numbers of land forces—six or seven million men, they say, and some say more. To meet them, Russia and France have done the same. I assure you, Hardy, our Buonaparte's Europe was a sheepcote of peace compared with the present. The enemy's land forces were bad enough, but when he began piling up ships-of-the-line as well, as though to emulate our country upon that element which it has pleased Almighty Providence to bestow upon us as our natural and everlasting prerogative, such conduct was no longer to be endured. Honor and self-preservation alike demanded their destruction, and by God's help we will destroy them. Only let us remember that numbers alone can annihilate. We want no "Lord Howe's victory."

Yet, as I stand here listening in the Admiralty entrance hall, I sometimes catch uneasy tidings. At the beginning of the present war, why was not the German admiral's fleet in the China seas devoured at once? It was devoured later off the Falkland Islands (the same islands that were the occasion of my entrance into the Navy at twelve years old, when Spain threatened to possess them). But we have allowed the German first to destroy two good ships and a noble admiral with his crews near the Chilian coast. Other unhappy losses we have suffered—three "third rate" (as we should say) sent to the bottom simultaneously, and four or five of different sizes sunk in isolation by means you could never conceive. Once also when an enemy's squadron was approaching as though to assault our holy shores, we chased them off, it is true, but annihilated only one, when we had counted on four, so that in the end it seemed an insufficient concern, "a Lord Howe's victory." And now, my dear Hardy, we have despatched first-rate ships in company with many others

to beat up through the passage of the Dardanelles, since the Sultan of Turkey has allied himself with our foes, and Russia has requested our assistance in that direction—an enterprise difficult of accomplishment, but I hope not threatening to dissipate our high-sea fleet below its power of annihilation. No, God forbid!

At the present, the main situation reminds me of our long watch over Latouche-Tréville, and afterwards over Villeneuve, at Toulon. How many months were we hanging about there, just out of sight, and only longing for them to come out that we might eat them up like shrimps? On my word, I think it must have been twenty-one months. I know that for two years and a month I never set foot ashore. But that included our chase of them to the West Indies and back. It nearly broke my heart that we didn't catch them. It was as bad as when I missed them in the Mediterranean, and had to return to Syracuse in 1797. But we caught them both times at last, Hardy. We caught them at the Nile and at Trafalgar. After that Napoleon prated no more of invading our country with his precious flotilla from Boulogne. So now the main fleet stands on the watch as we stood at Toulon. It holds all the enemy's men-of-war shut up at the mouth of the Elbe, or in a new harbor beyond a big canal they have cut through Denmark into the Baltic. There the whole of his ships are penned, and if they venture out to conduct an invasion of our shores, by God's grace we will eat them up, as sure as eggs is eggs. All the other seas are now swept clean of the enemy, except a few Austrian ships which are held tight on the Dalmatian coast by our French Allies. As to their commerce, they have no vessels now afloat, and we bar all access to their ports, just as in 1795 I stopped all corn-ships from entering France along the Mediterranean.

But as to tactics, my dear Hardy, I could tell you things that surpass all credit. I have heard it said that when you were First Sea Lord, long after I left you, your discernment foretold great changes owing to improvement in guns, and the development of those queer little boats that were said to move against the wind by the help of steam engines inside them. True prophet that you were, even you could not foresee a ship of 27,000 tons, made all of steel and iron, capable of twenty-five knots in the teeth of the wind, and armed with ten guns, each of which is constructed to discharge, either to port or starboard, a projectile chock full of explosives, and weighing within a quarter the full weight of the "Victory's" complete broadside. It is whispered that some of these guns will fling a ball (shell we call it now) for a distance of twenty-eight miles, passing over an elevation greater than the highest Alp. You need not believe that, but I know for a certainty that these ships begin to engage the enemy at a range of ten or twelve miles, and strike him, too, though both are traversing the main with this incredible celerity.

Such ships, as I said, are driven solely by heat, generated from coal or from a liquid oil drawn out of the bowels of the earth. Each costs pretty near £2,000,000 in building. Compare them with a "first-rate" such as our own "Victory." She had a copper sheath below water-line, in defence against the teredo worm; but otherwise was all of native oak. With fair wind, she could make five or six knots. Her tonnage was about 2,600. Her broadside weighed about 2,500 lbs. The 32-pdrs., her biggest guns, would carry 2,900 yards at 10° elevation, but I liked to hold the fire till we were under 350 yards. And the ship cost £100,000 at the outside. When the difference in the instrument of warfare is so vast, it is not for us in our old age to pass judgment upon naval tactics.

Beside the power of sailing into the wind at great speed, and of destroying the enemy at vast distances without even a thought of boarding, there are three other incredible inventions which have completely transformed our methods of attack. By an adaptation of the lightning inherent in earth and air, signals and tidings can be conveyed through many hundred miles of space with inconceivable speed. Machines have been devised on which a human being may mount into the air and there remain, not the sport of winds like an unanchored Montgolfier balloon, but capable of directing his course hither and thither like a ship or bird, whether to obtain news of the enemy or to drop explosive balls upon his head. Most ominous of all, a vessel has been created to grope its way like a sea monster through the ocean depths, and at sight of a floating ship upon the surface to tear her side open with a shark-like weapon that plunges of its own motion through the waves, dealing sure destruction at four miles range. When I hear of these contrivances, I almost admit a sense of apprehension; for who can doubt that within another generation some unscrupulous foe will gain access to our coasts in ships-of-the-line and transports that move beneath the surface, perpetually invisible? Where then will be our jewelled isle, bereft of her silver setting?

But away with such seasick qualms! It is men, not machines, that guard our shores. And our enemies also are but men, and bad men, too! I swear to you, Hardy, the same spirit actuates our whole profession now as when we sailed together. Choose your officers where you will, you could not choose wrong. When I put to sea again, I shall again have the happiness to command a band of brothers. But as to the sailors before the mast, how astounding is the change! No more "Lord Mayor's men" or "quota-bounty men." No more scum of the gaols and gipsy camps. No more victims pressed from gin-shops, brothels, or the arms of wives left lamenting in their shops and wretched homes. No more gagging either, or flogging at the gangway, or flogging through the fleet till the poor creature died, with skeleton all exposed. Oh, if you could see our men to-day, you would love them as I loved you. If I were a living man to-day, I would not be elsewhere than on the fleet for thousands. How dear life is to all men! But good-bye now, and God bless you, Hardy, as I prayed before.

THE GREAT CHANCE.*

The Scenario of a play that might some day be written.

Chief Characters.

BERTHA KRUPP.
GUSTAV VON BOHLEN (her husband).
UNCLE NAT (an American).

ACT I.

"THE SECRET OF CRUCIBLE STEEL."

TIME. 1710 (about).†

SCENE I. (England). Huntsman of Sheffield discovers the secret of crucible steel. He is a strange self-contained man who cares for nothing outside his work and experiments. The secret dies with him.

(NOTE.—This could be a Tableau.)

SCENE II. Time—One hundred years later (1810). A small cottage at Essen in Germany. FRIEDRICH

KRUPP re-discovers the secret of crucible steel. He employs six men at his cottage factory, but does not take them into his confidence. He has one son, a dreamy, intelligent lad of fourteen. To him he bequeaths a small forge and the secret. The lad, whose name is ALFRED, is enormously impressed.

SCENE III. London. The Great Exhibition of 1851. People are talking and gathering round a block of cast steel of 5 cwt., marked "Large Block" that had arrived a few weeks before, and attracted great attention. Suddenly there had appeared beside it another block, a huge one of 45 cwt., marked, ironically, in small letters, "Small Block." A quiet-looking man slips in and out among the wonder-struck people. He hears them say that it came from a cottage factory at Essen in Germany, and holds the secret of crucible steel that was first discovered by an Englishman and lost. The quiet-looking man disappears. When the crowd has slackened he comes up to the wonderful block again, and brings his wife, a good, homely German young woman, and his son—his only son, FRIEDRICH ALFRED KRUPP. They stand looking at the block of steel.

(NOTE.—It is said that at the Exhibition of '51 there was also a flawless cast-steel six-pounder gun that electrified the military universe.)

ACT II.

TIME. 1901.

SCENE I. The Krupp Works at Essen. ALFRED KRUPP is dead, and his son, FRIEDRICH ALFRED KRUPP, who stood by his father at the Exhibition of '51, is now an old man.

The little forge has been merged into the great Works of Essen. In the distance are seen signs of the great cannon shops, and guns over 40 feet in length; of a great hydraulic press and giant hammer; chimneys, &c. Thousands of workmen about. All the signs of wealth, prosperity, and an enormous business. In the foreground, apart, stand FRIEDRICH ALFRED KRUPP, and his daughter, BERTHA, a gentle and very intelligent girl of 17. He reminds her how these tremendous works have grown; how her grandfather, ALFRED KRUPP, had worked, till, instead of the modest forge and factory, there are these world-renowned works. He points to the cottage, seen through a window, and tells her that though now the Krupps live in the much more important Villa Hügel, yet forever the cottage will stand on the estate, and that from there his funeral some day will set out, carrying him to his last home, and that then she, his daughter, BERTHA (for he has no son), will own the works and will be the richest woman in Europe.

HE (says): My father told me that the secret of the firm made us the masters of the world. I thought of it the other day when the Emperor and all his following went through our works and looked at our cottage. Some day, my child, the power will be yours—and all our secrets yours. We live in a villa that, after all, is simple enough; they will not want you in palaces, my daughter, but they will want you to safeguard them as they sit on their thrones. (A WORKMAN comes forward to speak to him. Suddenly he becomes faint. They put him on a seat and bring water to him. He recovers, looks at her, and says) It will not be long before you are the Cannon Queen. But I am better. (He gets up and walks slowly away. She sits down on the seat he has vacated, bewildered with knowledge of the power that will some day be hers.)

SCENE II. Four years later. A garden in Italy. A middle-aged woman sits knitting on a bench. In the distance BERTHA KRUPP is seen, walking up and down with a distinguished-looking young man, some years older than herself. Presently there slouches on UNCLE NAT, an American of about 50;

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† (NOTE.—For convenience real names are used, and many facts and figures quoted. There is no reason why they should not be used in print.)

big, fair, a little clumsy and odd. He looks at the young people, then at the woman knitting.

UNCLE NAT: Frau Krupp, those two, your daughter and my nephew, Gustav Bohlen, look as if they thought each other agreeable. I shouldn't be surprised if more comes of it. Well, you needn't be afraid, he is a good lad.

FRAU K.: He is a foreigner—

UNCLE N.: You can't escape from the foreigners, Frau Krupp, they are all over the place.

FRAU K. (*doggedly*): There's no country like the one she was born in, and no people like those who belong to it.

UNCLE N.: There's something to be said for Philadelphia, where I was born—and yonder lad's parents were born there, though he was born in Holland—

FRAU K. (*proudly*): My daughter was born in a land where the greatest men are soldiers.

UNCLE N.: Well, his grandfather was a general in the United States Army, and lies buried in a soldier's grave in Virginia.

FRAU K.: Then how did this young man come to be born in Holland?

UNCLE N.: His father was in diplomacy, just as he is. You can't get away from the foreigners, as I said just now, Frau Krupp, especially when they are American. They are mixed up with everything nowadays. He has been secretary at a couple of Embassies—Washington, for one of them—at the Vatican, and at the Pekin Legation. In fact, he's done a good deal for his age, and you may call him a Dutchman, but he is so mixed up with German doings, I should not be surprised if he married a German woman, and it seems to me his heart is going that way. She doesn't look more than two or three-and-twenty—

FRAU K.: She is only one-and-twenty. Who'd think, to look at her, that she is the richest woman in Europe? But if your nephew hopes—

UNCLE N.: You needn't be uneasy—the Bohlens were never money-grubbers; if he loves the young woman and she is willing, you may depend upon it he will marry her whether she has a million or not a penny. He is a man who gets his way.

SCENE III. The wedding of BERTHA KRUPP at Essen. Incidentally, one hears that the Philadelphia uncle is not there, but is coming to visit them later. The workmen salute the bride, and their music and songs are heard in the distance. Great rejoicing.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Several years later. A sitting-room in the Villa Hügel at Essen. The Cannon Queen, BERTHA, who who is now FRAU KRUPP VON BOHLEN, is talking with her old school-friend, ELSA, who has just married a German officer, quartered at Dresden, has come to see the works. BERTHA has two children.

ELSA: But it is wonderful, Bertha, wonderful—and you mean that you have 80,000 workmen, and that all Essen and its 500,000 people belong to you?

BERTHA (*nods*): I'm so proud of it—but most proud of the little cottage. Come to the window and look at it again, Elsa—the cottage in which my grandfather and great-grandfather worked and laid the foundation of all this—

ELSA: You must be very rich?

BERTHA (*quite simply*): Oh, yes; we are richer than the Kaiser himself. We pay five millions a year to workmen alone, and my husband and I are worth more than a million a year. He gave up his diplomacy when he married, and threw himself into the work here; we are joint owners of everything.

ELSA: Does it make you happy?

BERTHA (*musingly*): Happy—what, the money? I care nothing for money—my husband and my children make me happy, but I like to know that to all these people we give work, that they depend upon us and love us—they are our people—our people—our kingdom.

(*While she speaks the American UNCLE from Philadelphia has entered, and is listening to what she says.*)

ELSA: You make a great many things besides guns, don't you?

UNCLE N. (*interposing*): Ay, I have been over the works twice since I came a week ago; they take a deal of walking, I can tell you. They make the biggest guns in the world. I have been hearing about them—and all the world fires them. More than 60,000 cannon have gone out to other countries of the world. Twenty-three European States, eighteen in America, and any number of States in Asia and Africa have bought Krupp's guns.

BERTHA: I can't realize it sometimes—all these men working for us here, and at other places all through the country. (*Clasping her hands.*) Three thousand miners in our coal mines in Silesia, and in Spain five thousand are getting copper and ore for our shipping—

ELSA (*wonderstruck*): For your shipping, Bertha?

BERTHA: We build battleships at Kiel, and submarines and torpedo-boats, and employ six thousand workmen there.

UNCLE N.: Ay, they make implements enough to kill all the world, she and my nephew, whose people lived simple lives in Philadelphia.

ELSA (*trying not to shudder*): Does your power never frighten you?

BERTHA: Oh, I don't know. (*Pause.*) It is a sacred trust, this power that great-grandfather made for us; and it has helped us to employ all these thousands of people. I love to go among them.

UNCLE N.: And she thinks more of that than of anything else. I'm glad my nephew married her, for the richest woman in Europe might be a simple Quakeress of Philadelphia.

ELSA: Bertha was always simple, the kindest girl in the whole school. It is so strange that she should make all these things. It's like paying for life with death—

(*Enter suddenly BERTHA's husband, VON BOHLEN.*)

VON B. (*excited*): There's most astounding news! The Army has orders to mobilize for the war that we have been waiting for, working for, all these years!

ELSA (*with a cry*): I must go back—Hermann will go. Are you sure—that it is coming?

VON B.: It looks pretty bad; and not only Germany, but all the European countries may be involved.

BERTHA (*scared*): War! It is because they want Colonies—room—room for the people.

(*Exit ELSA hurriedly.*)

VON B.: We will win it for the Fatherland—we—we two!

UNCLE N. (*turning to them*): You two have your great chance to electrify the world, to be the greatest people in it. Let them go to war, you make all the implements for it—guns and super-guns, battleships, torpedo-boats, and submarines—all of them are made here or at Kiel. It will be a war of machines; and the Kaiser and his soldiers will be Krupp's serving men—the serving men of Krupp's machines, made by the workmen of Bertha and her husband, whose parents were born

in the Quaker City of Philadelphia; and it is they—you two—who can for ever put an end to war.

VON B. (*aside to his wife*): Uncle Nat is getting excited.

UNCLE N.: Excited, yes; for you can, if you choose, be greater than the greatest. Super-guns! You can be Super-Kaiser and Kaiserin. Shut your gates and say, "We are Kaiser and Kaiserin; it is we who are going to fight the battles of our country now; you were only our serving men."

VON B. Are you mad, Uncle Nat? They would shoot us down.

UNCLE N.: No, nephew, I am not mad; but you are blind—blind to the great chance that is in your hands. Let the Kaiser come with his soldiers, but without his weapons, because you have refused to supply any more, and they have not enough left to go on with—and where will they be? You have 80,000 workpeople in your shops and 500,000 in Essen who are your subjects. Your kingdom is ready to hand. The Kaiser's power is a thing you can crumble in your hand and trample under your feet, if you choose. Be Kaiser and Kaiserin yourselves! You have the secret of crucible steel, they can't do without you; and no workman has been trusted with the secrets of the firm, but only with his own little bit to make.

VON B.: That's true. None can give away our secrets, and we have more to come—greater guns.

UNCLE N.: And you'll go on inventing them, and men like the Kaiser and his soldiers will go on using them (*waving his arms*) till they shatter the world itself, and its fragments will be sent flying through the Universe—a fine sight for angels and devils, the fragments of a world the Almighty made and men destroyed!

VON B.: But we don't want to do that; we want to live.

UNCLE N.: Then live! And be rulers of Germany. You are already, but you haven't known it.

BERTHA: Rulers of Germany?

VON B.: I wonder if it has ever occurred to the Kaiser that the power is in our hands.

UNCLE N.: He doesn't think it'll occur to you, nephew, but he knows it fast enough.

VON B.: We two, rulers of Germany, if we choose!

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Time: Three years later. The Cannon Queen's room at Krupp's Works. It is a sort of counting house. Through the windows, which look out upon the works at the back, can be seen implements, cranes, galleries, &c., clanging of hammers heard, &c., &c.

(*BERTHA looks up with a worried expression on her face. Rings a bell. WORKMAN comes.*)

BERTHA: Is HERT Krupp von Bohlen in the works?

WORKMAN: I saw him in the great gun shop—at the far end—an hour ago.

BERTHA: Ask him to come to me. (*WORKMAN goes.*)

(*Enter ELSA. She throws herself down distractedly.*)

ELSA: Bertha—Bertha—he is killed—he is killed—my Hermann is killed! Oh God, what shall I do—and both my brothers—and all the best men in Germany. Oh, Bertha, how can men go out and kill each other—men who live in the same world, and love, and have human ties, and homes? Every time a gun goes out from your workshops you help them to kill each other.—You—you are killing them—you!

BERTHA (*with a cry*): Oh no, not I—not us! You don't understand. This is the great Kaiser's war—the Kaiser who fears God and calls to Him for help—Our

Kaiser who has trained the soldiers, and given us work for years so that the enemies of the Fatherland might be annihilated.

ELSA: It had no enemies till this war came—and its enemies now are brave men, defending their countries from the invaders. Does God help the Kaiser to kill them?

BERTHA: Elsa—Elsa! (*Goes as if to caress her.*)

ELSA (*shudders*): Oh, don't touch me. Your hands are covered with blood.

BERTHA: It is not I, Elsa, it is not I. It is those who go to war—

(*Enter VON BOHLEN with UNCLE NAT.*)

VON B.: Our enemies—we have been fighting them for three years.

ELSA: Three long dreadful years. Enemies! Brave men who would have lived and been happy but for you. And think of all your guns that went to other countries—to be fired back upon your own.

BERTHA (*still trying to soothe her*): It is not our doing. The Kaiser and his soldiers—the soldiers have been waiting, longing for war—drinking to "The Day!"

UNCLE N.: All of them your serving men—the serving men of Krupp. Soldiers fight man to man—brave men against brave men—not machines against machines, as you have done, and forced other countries to do. Go on weeping, little Elsa, weep for your lover, as thousands of other women weep for theirs—brave men befooled. (*ELSA goes up to him.*)

VON B. (*angrily*): Why do you encourage her, Uncle Nat?

UNCLE N.: I'm sorry for her; but she's only one of the little side-shows of war—there are millions of them going on. Fine work for you, nephew. I wonder what your grandfather, sleeping in his grave in Virginia, would think of it?

BERTHA: Oh—It is too awful.

UNCLE N.: Then put an end to it. You have 80,000 men here, 500,000 in Essen; they will fight for you. Be rulers of Germany yourselves, as I told you three years ago, then you can control all the wars in the world—can put an end to them.

BERTHA: Oh, I can't talk this wild nonsense now, Uncle Nat. Go away, and let me be a little while alone. Take Elsa home and comfort her. I will go and see her later.

ELSA (*shrinking, as VON BOHLEN goes towards her*): Not you—I'll go with Uncle Nat—his hands are clean—yours are stained with blood. (*She and UNCLE NAT go out.*)

(*BERTHA and VON BOHLEN look at each other.*)

BERTHA (*shuddering*): Three years of this nightmare, and no end in sight, and half Europe a graveyard. (*Sits down on a leather sofa at one side, puts her face down in her hands, and sobs. Suddenly looks up at her husband.*) Let us do it—let us rule Germany ourselves, and dictate the wars they make. Then at least they shall be just wars—or none!

VON B.: Nonsense—we should be traitors!

BERTHA: We should be saviors.

VON B.: Rest a little while, and we will discuss it.

BERTHA: Rest—I shall never rest again!

(*VON BOHLEN soothes her, leads her to the sofa, and kisses her hair; she buries her face in her hands, and shudders.*)

BERTHA: Oh, we are bathed in blood—you and I.

(*VON B. gives a shrug, and exit. BERTHA lies very still. A spell of darkness.*)

SCENE II. Krupp's works. Workmen hurrying about, all the implements of workmanship make an impressive background. There is an iron throne L., supported on heavy cannon, it has black velvet behind, and a canopy covered with stars. Behind, across the stage, there is an arrangement for a panorama, or pictures, presently to be displayed. The whole scene is decorated with black flags. Here and there are German flags, or flags presumably taken from other countries, dirty and torn. A few dreary men and women watch the preparations. ELSA enters, in mourning; she looks haggard and ill. She hesitates and seems afraid. A gaunt-looking woman comes forward.

WOMAN (to ELSA): Have you come for the crowning of the Cannon Queen and the King?

ELSA: Is it to be to-day?

WOMAN: It is to be now. They are going to crown them, and the Nations are coming to do them homage.

ANOTHER WOMAN: She is greater than her husband, for it is through her forebears that all this glory has come.

ELSA: Glory—Glory! She has sons—little sons. Some day they will be shot down by her cannon—the cannon their mother has made.

WORKMAN: They will die for their country.

ELSA: What comfort will that be to her? I have a little son, too; he will grow up, and have to fight, as his father fought, and be shot down as his father was shot down, and die; and perhaps none will know where he lies.

WORKMAN: You are only talking sentiment—womanish stuff. We lived for two-score years brewing this war. Are wars to be made without men dying?

ANOTHER WORKMAN (hoarsely): War is glorious—glorious!

ELSA: Glorious! Oh my God, glorious! Because one country wants to get more than it has already—or is ambitious, or envious?

WORKMAN: You had better go home. It is woman's business to bear sons, and men's business to make war.

WOMEN (half-shrinking, half-afraid): See—see, they come!

(A great procession enters. Dirge-like music. With great ceremony, but joylessly, the KRUPPS are seated on the throne.)

WORKMEN AND WOMEN: Glory—glory! Show the King and Queen all they have done. Let them see how splendid has been their work.

(A representation of battles (pictures), of ruined cities, of dead lying on the field, of desolation and misery of every sort. The WORKMEN applaud with hoarse guttural sounds. The KRUPPS look on spellbound. BERTHA more and more scared.)

(When the representations have ended, the works and crowds of workmen are visible at the back. Processions of the nations come to do homage to the CANNON KING and QUEEN.)

(GERMANY enters, followed by a few crestfallen generals and soldiers, etc. They bow low before the Throne.)

THE PEOPLE: Glory—glory for Germany!

GERMANY: Great Queen, we come to lay the Kaiser's sceptre at your feet. You are greater than he could ever be. But for you we should not have been able to enter upon this war—we should have been a foolish nation, fat and prosperous, crowded with men pursuing the arts, or busy with the ways of commerce, heaping up money, taking holidays, improving the land and leaving no room among its crops for the million graves that you have filled. Think of it—more than a million men are safely

stored away in the earth, sleeping the sleep of good and faithful servants who have proved your worth; and another million lie beneath the ashes you have strewn in other countries. Through you the Fatherland is broken up, and ruin and misery and devastation are so complete, so vast, that it is magnificent. Nothing can stand against your might; but we have proved ourselves your faithful servants. We gave you the bravest and the most helpless, we mocked at Truth and parted company with Honor; we faced the scorn and execration of the whole world; we have lost everything that made us great and trusted among the nations, and we go our way knowing that we hesitated at nothing you could suggest, and that all our strength was given to prove the wonder of your inventions.

PEOPLE: Glory—glory!

(AUSTRIA enters.)

AUSTRIA: Austria bows low to you, great Cannon Queen. Tragedy came often, from far and near, to the Hapsburgs. Our pride and splendor made us many enemies in the Balkan States. We would have let them go and been at peace, but your servants insisted and were our masters. We fought hard to do you honor, Queen. Our mountains are scarred, and their crevasses filled with the dead; down the passes torrents of blood have poured, our plains have been swept by fire. We are broken and conquered, our power is gone, our tragedy complete; it is the token of our allegiance to you, great King and Queen.

PEOPLE: Glory—glory!

(RUSSIA enters.)

RUSSIA: This is Russia, O Cannon Queen, Russia of the millions and millions of men. She comes wondering, for in a short time you have gathered into your embrace more lives than the years of a century could have done. We had known a long black night of many obscurities and gropings, but we were nearing the dawn, and adjusting our lives to its conditions. Music and literature gathered round to celebrate our awakening. Suddenly, you called to us, across the morasses and frozen rivers and snow-covered plains. We answered—as was the right of one so great as you—and thousands and thousands of our best are sunk in the morasses or lie beneath the snows. We are not conquered, Great Queen, but we acknowledge your power. It demands all our millions to do honor to it, O Queen with the breath of fire, mother of death, dealing it out bountifully—inciting the nations to come forward, to prove their prowess. We will not fail you, more and yet more shall answer to your call if you desire it.

PEOPLE: Glory to war—glory, glory! Belgium comes—glory to the Queen who laid it low!

(BELGIUM enters.)

CANNON QUEEN (leaning forward): A brave King—but why have you come—and alone?

BELGIAN KING: I have come to greet you, Cannon Queen, and alone, for we have nothing left but honor. Your implements have laid Belgium waste. Our crops have gone, our flax is trodden underfoot, our factories are even with the ground, and those who worked in them have vanished; our fields are swamps of blood, or sown with the dead; the monuments of centuries are in ruins and lie among the half-buried slain; the people are starving: only such power as the Cannon Queen's could have done it. The valiant deeds of old, the Crusaders, the Knights of many victorious battles, would have been nowhere before the thunder of her guns—the mightiness of her metals.

CANNON QUEEN (*shuddering*): I cannot bear it; half Europe is in ashes. Who is this? Oh, God, I cannot hear any more. And Belgium. The Fatherland had promised to protect it, a country that had no thought of war.

PEOPLE: Glory—glory—glory to the Cannon Queen! See, France comes.

(FRANCE enters.)

FRANCE: Great Queen, we salute you, but for you our enemies would have been living. Thousands of our soldiers have given and taken death before you, and you have not hesitated to cut down the women and children, even as the scythe cuts down the flowers that hide between the upstanding ears of corn. The feet of war have trodden our land to desolation in the area over which your power reached. Our forests are blackened and charred by the thunder of your guns, as they swept on for more and yet more living food. The most wonderful gifts of the Ages are broken, only enough of them are left to prove that neither beauty nor reverence nor the countless prayers that have been said in them could stand against your power. We have tried to show that we were not unworthy of you; and we are grateful, for you have shown us our own strength, the splendor of our men who fight, and of our women, brave and tearless, who help and wait. Great Queen, the fair land of France bows low.

PEOPLE: Glory—glory—to the Cannon Queen!

(ENGLAND enters.)

ENGLAND: Great Queen, this is England, who is bewildered that you should hate her, for she loved your people. Many of them were hers, too, and while they were with her she nourished them and trusted them, and refused to believe that you were making ready for war with her. But you have done us honor, great Queen, for England is such a little place compared to your country, yet you lavish your biggest efforts on it. We have rendered you our tribute, the tribute of our strongest and bravest sons—they came from far and near: they sleep soundly in the graves you have given them, as, in their turn, your own sons will sleep when the day comes that your guns give them, too, a glorious death.

WORKMEN (*crying*): Glory—glory—glory to the Cannon Queen! Serbia waits.

BERTHA (*standing up and looking round with scared face*): No, no; bring no more; I cannot bear it. Is this glory—this misery, this desolation, these ruined countries, a million deaths in our own country, and millions more in other lands? Oh, think of the agony, of last hours spent in lonely trenches, of the men who have died in them, of those who have come back crippled and useless for ever. A million lying dead in this country alone. And each of these million men must have had two women to care for them, for all men have mothers, or wives, or sweethearts, or children, or sisters. There is not a man living for whom a woman of some sort does not care.

UNCLE N. (*who is facing her on the other side of the stage and speaks clearly*): Two women for each man; that means two million women desolate, and many of them will starve, and many of them will die, and there are millions more all over Europe and scattered about the world, moaning and weeping; and everywhere are the graves of those they weep for, but they cannot sort the dead and know their own.

CHORUS: Glory. Glory. Glory.

(BERTHA looks round aghast. Scene fades.)

(*The room in the Works again. BERTHA standing up, spreading out her hands. UNCLE NAT and VON BOHLEN are looking at her in surprise.*)

BERTHA: Uncle Nat, I have been dreaming. It has made me understand. Can war never come to an end? The English and the Americans say that militarism must be put down; but who can do it? Who can end war for ever?

UNCLE N.: You can do it. I have told you this before, Niece Bertha. The power is in the hands of a woman. Christ was born of a woman, so can everlasting peace be born of one.

BERTHA: But how—but how?

UNCLE N.: Shut the gates to those who come with money in their hands to buy death. Keep them locked. The teeth of militarism can be drawn, not at Cabinet meetings nor at the Hague Convention, but in Essen gunshops.

BERTHA: But in other countries there are wars, and other guns are made, and there are other gun-makers—Schneider, Creusot, Vickers-Maxim, Armstrong—many, many.

UNCLE N.: None so great as Krupps.

VON B. (*as if he had suddenly realized it*): If they all cease, there will be no more wars. Kings and Emperors cannot make them unless they have implements to fight with —

UNCLE N.: No, nor Presidents either. God stands aside sometimes, Niece Bertha. He did while the devil infected your Kaiser and his people with madness, and made them believe they were the seed of God improved on in Germany.

BERTHA: The seed of God?

UNCLE N.: The world was sown with it in the beginning, but some fell through to Hell, and those who grew up from it there brought the secrets of their birthplace here. They have told one or two to Krupps, and set the Kaiser and his people on to use them. But no devil could justify the slaughter that is going on now, nor any God forgive it.

BERTHA (*to her husband, vehemently, entreating*): Let us call the workmen together. By our love for brave men, and pity for desolate women, by our sons and all our hopes for them, let us do it?

VON B.: We will! I will call them.

(*He goes out and returns quickly.*)

(*A clanging bell is heard. The scene changes quickly to Krupp's Works again. A deputation of Workmen. VON BOHLEN and his wife, BERTHA, tell the Workmen the works are to be closed and barred, and guns mounted on the gates, while messengers go to other countries, and to the great gunsmiths, asking them to join in refusing to make weapons for war.*)

WORKMEN: But what is to become of the people they employ? Are they to lose their work? Think of that, von Bohlen.

ANOTHER: What are we to do if guns are not made — are we to starve?

VON B.: We have coal mines and shipbuilding yards at Kiel, and if there are no wars, there will be endless ships wanted for commerce, to carry the produce of Peace and Prosperity, and to take happy people from one country to another. But the nations must be called upon to legislate, so that making weapons for wholesale death is a crime in every country.

MEN: What about the workmen meanwhile?

VON B.: We will provide for ours, and it will cost the other countries far less to provide for their men, to see that they get work, far less than a single great war

costs them. When weapons have vanished, when only enough are made to bring down a robber, or a bird or beast, there will be no more dying of men from terrible wounds, nor weeping of women.

MEN: And crucible steel! What will become of that?

VON B.: It will make the keels of ships and implements of peace, just as now it makes the implements of war.

BERTHA: Men! will you help us? If the nations agree, will you help us to put down all the misery that war has brought?

UNCLE N.: Will you help them to close the gates of hell? It will be the greatest deed since Christ died upon the Cross to save you. Will you do it?

MEN (*wonderstruck*): The greatest deed since the Crucifixion, and we can do it!

UNCLE N.: The greatest deed since Christ died for us—

MEN (*excited*): Call the nations together. If they will, we will!

(BERTHA's face lights up with happiness. Then she clasps her hands and leans forward with sudden fear.)

BERTHA: But if the nations refuse?

MEN: Then we will refuse them our help and call on our fellows in every country to join with us; but they must all stop—everyone.

UNCLE N.: Ay! all—all! If one went on when the others had stopped, or one stopped while the others went on, it would be treason and death.

MEN: Treason and death.

WOMEN (*echoing*): Treason and death.

VON B.: They must all stop—or none. It would be the greatest strike the world has known, the greatest gift, for by it great wars would be at an end.

MEN: We will do it! Peace shall be the gift of the workers—the gift of the workers to the whole world.

CURTAIN.

Communications.

THE MINERS' NATIONAL DEMAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—By their refusal to deal nationally with the miners' demand for a war bonus of 20 per cent. on present earnings, the coalowners of Great Britain have brought about an extremely serious deadlock in the mining industry. And, though there is still time to prevent recourse to a "down tools" policy, the decision of the Miners' Federation to call a conference on April 21st and 22nd to consider the position means that the possibility of an entire stoppage of production on the whole of the coal-fields of the country will have to be faced. The temper of the men and their leaders is such that, at present, nothing short of the granting of their full demand will satisfy them; and at all costs they are determined to have the matter dealt with nationally. This, indeed, is the crux of the situation. Should a strike occur, though the immediate cause will be wages, the dispute will centre largely round the question of the position of the M.F.G.B.

For some time past the Federation, to which all the county associations and federations are affiliated, has been working for the consolidation of the miners' interests, and for the creation of a centralized executive with power to put forward demands for the whole of the mining organizations. The miners have learnt, as the result of the strike for a minimum wage, that the only effective way of dealing with the disputes in the various areas is for them to negotiate as

one united body with the employers. They feel that the motto of the coalowners is "divide and rule"; they feel that the sectionalization of the industry produces weakness and lack of unity among the constituent elements, and their desire is to unify their forces to meet the opposition of the great coal companies and combines. This desire for unity springs from purely practical motives; it does not necessarily mean that the miners' organizations are becoming more revolutionary, or that their faith in collective bargaining and conciliation is growing weaker; it means simply that the miners quite naturally desire to bargain on equal terms. To secure this, they require to meet the employers as a whole, and not in sections.

The attitude of the employers, confronted with this claim, appears to be one of hostility. They point to the immemorial custom of dealing with wages, demands, and general grievances sectionally; they appeal to the practice adopted under the Minimum Wage Act; they advance as arguments for their case the admitted differences in custom, product, markets, and wage-agreements existing in the various areas, and plead that it is impossible to deal with the mining industry as a whole. The conditions in South Wales differ from those in Yorkshire, which in their turn are not the same as those obtaining in Northumberland: here the sliding scale is adopted, there wages are settled by conciliation and arbitration; here the seams are easily and safely worked, there the pits are fiery and difficult. Hundreds of small distinctions exist, which, to the owners, preclude the possibility of uniform treatment. But, in addition, the mine-owners do not regard with approval the growing power and strength of the Miners' Federation. To them the Federation stands as a menace that has to be overcome. Their position is quite frank and above board. They do not want to deal with the organization that represents all the miners.

This divergence of view has been greatly accentuated during the past few weeks. Faced by the rise in the cost of living, the Miners' Federation put forward a demand for a 20 per cent. increase on the earnings of their members. They advanced in support of their claim the enormous rise in the selling price of coal—in South Wales the advance has been estimated at 7s. a ton, on the average at the pit-head—and the enhanced profits consequent upon this rise. They urged that the claim should be considered *nationally* because the upward tendency of the cost of living applies to every part of the United Kingdom, and they fail to see why admitted local differences should enter into the discussion of the war bonus desired to meet a national emergency. The South Wales miners feel the pinch of rising prices as much as the Scottish collier, and the demands of these two workers should be dealt with by bodies representing the area affected by the circumstances in question—and that area is the United Kingdom. To all this the owners return a negative answer.

No one can contemplate the possibility of a strike of miners at the present moment with equanimity. Lord Kitchener has pointed out the paramount need for a constant supply of munitions of war; the Chancellor of the Exchequer has added his weight to this plea; and yet the country is faced with the stoppage of the industry on which the whole economic life of the community depends. If the war is to be won, some solution must be found for the problem. The owners' position may theoretically be defensible, but its practical consequences are likely to be disastrous for the nation. The men's demand for a 20 per cent. increase may be extreme, but the way to secure its modification lies in conciliating the Miners' Federation by agreeing to national treatment of the war bonus question.

The miners do not want a stoppage, and the owners can easily remove the danger. The suggestion put forward by the Lancashire and Cheshire Miners' Federation that the Board of Trade should summon a joint meeting of the M.F.G.B. and the coalowners of Great Britain to discuss the question is eminently reasonable; it shows a willingness on the part of the miners to settle the problem without recourse to a strike; it displays real patriotism. Surely the coalowners cannot refuse to meet the Federation, and thus ensure peace. Sooner or later the questions affecting the miners will all have to be dealt with nationally; the present

crisis affords the owners a great opportunity of recognizing this fact by meeting the M.F.G.B. in conference.—
Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM MELLOR.

16, Grosvenor Road, Westminster, S.W.

April 14th, 1915.

Letters to the Editor.

THE FUTURE OF CYPRUS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—As mention of the Island of Cyprus has on several recent occasions been made in your columns, I venture to think that you will not refuse to publish the few remarks which a residence of many months in this enchanting island encourages me to make.

In the first place, I am astonished to see that Cyprus is on each occasion alluded to as an entirely Greek island, and that the very considerable Moslem element in the population is altogether ignored. This, too, is all the more astonishing seeing that the Mohammedans of Cyprus were not slow to make attestations of unswerving loyalty to Great Britain immediately upon the annexation of the island. This was a source of much gratification to His Majesty's Government.

There is surely no analogy between Cyprus and Corfu, when the former island counts 60,000 of its population as Mohammedans. Moreover, the agitation for union with Greece is only fomented by a small section of the non-Moslem inhabitants, the great majority of whom are content to live under British rule and boast with pride of the fact that they are now British subjects.

All that is required to make Cyprus, so rich in agricultural and very possibly in mineral wealth, into one of the fairest and most flourishing provinces of the Empire, is the permanence of British rule, a rule which will encourage the influx of enterprise and capital hitherto hindered by our curious tenure of the island. All who have its true welfare at heart must pray that the annexation of Cyprus heralds an era of great prosperity for the island inasmuch as it is now an integral part of the British Empire.

Another consideration is not without importance, for whatever may have been the value of Cyprus in the past from a strategic point of view, now that the division of the Turkish Empire seems to be imminent, the proximity of this island to Alexandretta and the Syrian coast render it a possession not lightly to be disposed of.—Yours, &c.,

VERITAS.

Cyprus, March 19th, 1915.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—A few weeks ago you published a letter from me, urging the claim of the Cypriote Greeks to some consideration from us who are talking much of the rights of small nationalities.

Since then I have received a letter from my friend, Mr. Lanites, a member of the Legislative Council of Cyprus, part of which may be of interest to your readers, as evidence of the state of public opinion in the island.

"Since I saw you last," he writes, "a new era of history has commenced for our nation, a history which increases our rights for our national emancipation. Four thousand Cypriotes participated as volunteers in the Balkan wars" (Mr. Lanites himself was one of the 4,000), "and after a few days here in my native town, we have to unveil three memorials, one erected for our Mayor and member of the Legislative Assembly, who fell as a volunteer in Epirus, the second for our seventeen fellow-citizens who fell in Macedonia and Epirus, and the third for the three students of the University from this town, who also fell for the cause of liberty."

"Since that time your nation has entered on a war for the cause of the liberties of small states and nations, and has renewed the old English traditions. All our sympathies are with you and France, and I am sure that in a short time we shall fight together for a cause common to all civilized nations."

"The fate of Cyprus is indicated by itself. We are looking to the immediate future with full confidence in England, and the union of Cyprus with our mother country will give an end to our long history. We are sure that when the war will be over, the educated English public will support our rights and our wishes."

The Cypriotes, in fact, believe that our protestations are sincere, that we are convinced and disinterested champions of small nationalities. They welcomed the annexation of their island as a severance of the last link that bound them to the Turkish Empire, and as the removal of the last obstacle to their union with Greece. For they cannot imagine that we shall endeavor or desire to keep them in the British Empire—a "galaxy of free nations"—against their will. They remember the precedent of the Ionian Islands, and they believe that England has become not less, but more liberal in the last half-century. They have a deep confidence in our sense of justice and in our avowed political principles. It will not be very creditable to us if we dis-appoint them.—Yours, &c.,

W. N. EWER.

17, Acacia Road, N.W.

April 13th, 1915.

PROHIBITION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Whilst I sympathize with the article "Drink and the Armament Workers," is not your attitude rather unfair to the Chancellor of the Exchequer?

He has deliberately refused to put the blame for the shortage of production on the body of workers as a whole, and stated that, so far as it is due to drink, only a small minority of them are concerned.

But the action of these throws out of gear the work of whole factories, not only limiting output, but reducing the earnings of the steady and reliable men whose own employment depends upon them.

Now, overstrain may produce the weariness that craves stimulation, and this question ought to be dealt with. But alcohol does not fit men for work; it makes them less capable of sustained effort, and less ready to resume it, and there are other stimulants which have the opposite effect.

The minority who fly to alcohol can only be dealt with by keeping them from it, or it from them. So long as facilities exist for procuring alcohol, these men will continue to drink, and the harm to their fellow-workers and to the country must continue, not because personal example and appeal do not move them, but because they have not strength of will to resist the "lure of drink."

The only remedy is to stop the facilities. Limiting them will do something, but it will not solve the difficulty, only mitigate it.

Stopping these facilities means, of course, stopping them for the steady man as well, and some of them may regard this as a hardship. But that would not be felt for long, and the benefits would become apparent so soon that I doubt if much resentment would be felt.

Anyway, this war has to be won, and to allow the country to be crippled in its conduct is criminal and unpatriotic.

Whatever other hampering conditions there may be (and there are many besides drink), this one should be removed, as it could be at once, and the others as soon as may be. "This ought ye to do, and not to leave the others undone."

A strong line taken now will save thousands of lives and millions of money. I hope the Government will take it.—Yours, &c.,

H. G. CHANCELLOR.

April 14th, 1915.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I was sorry to find a paper which to many of us stands for the highest ideals in national life, taking so lukewarm a view as regards restriction of the drink traffic. Such may be the views of the club man, but they do not, I trust and believe, represent the views of the public, and certainly not those of the home; nor are the statements

correct as regards the restrictions imposed in Russia. First-hand observers there (see also what the "Times" Correspondent states) tell us that not only was the sale of alcohol prohibited during mobilization, but that the sale of all intoxicating liquor—not only vodka—has been entirely stopped in the vicinity of barracks, camps, training schools, and many other areas, while local authorities have been given power to close all wine shops and beer salons, if they deem this advisable. This power has been widely exercised, and it is now difficult (some say impossible) to buy beer in any hotel or restaurant, and wine and champagne have disappeared. In nearly all the large towns there is a total prohibition of all alcoholic drinks, however mild. The people so appreciate this lessening of temptation that, it is said, there would be a revolution were the old state of affairs restored. Wives and children are now fed, not beaten; "there is bread on the table, milk for the babies, and a fire in the kitchen," says a former member of the Duma; work is not hindered; the savings in banks have increased enormously, in spite of the difficulties of war time; and crime has diminished everywhere. Thus the deposits in Russian savings banks in 1914 were more than double those of 1913; her industrial output has nearly doubled, and the one day's sickness that formerly followed her holidays has disappeared; while the Minister of Finance is quite undismayed by the tremendous decrease in revenue from the sale of drink, in view of the increased resources of the country in other directions.

We have no reason to doubt that the same good results would follow here. Are private individuals, then, not willing to give up some small self-indulgence, or brewers to sacrifice some of their profits in order to increase the well-being of the country at large?

There will be some dislocation of trade, some people thrown out of employment temporarily; but is not this inevitable under the present abnormal conditions, not only in the drink trade, but in many other occupations, such as fishing, catering for tourists, &c.? Last year, after the declaration of war, there was scarcely a single visitor in the formerly crowded haunts at Killarney, a place almost wholly dependent for its means of livelihood on visitors. Boatmen, hotel keepers, carmen, guides, all were idle; and the same is true of the Isle of Man and other tourist resorts.

But in Liverpool it was found during the strike, when public-houses were closed, that other shops could hardly supply the wants of their customers, so great was the demand for meat, bread, groceries, clothing, &c. The same thing would happen all over the country, so that the erstwhile liquor sellers could be drafted into other and more wholesome occupations in a very short time.—Yours, &c.,

ROSA M. BARRETT.

Kingstown, co. Dublin.

April 12th, 1915.

[We do not confess to lukewarmness, only to anxiety that whatever the Government do they should carry the people with them.—ED., THE NATION.]

NEUTRALS AND BELLIGERENTS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—International lawyers will be somewhat suspicious of the gift which Professor Pollard brought them some little time ago in the shape of a novel and interesting doctrine. General acceptance is hardly likely to be accorded to his thesis by which neutrals are made sureties for the good behavior of belligerents! The admission of a right in one belligerent to counter the illegalities of another by the forcible invasion of neutral immunities would plunge the world into immediate anarchy, and would put it in the power of any belligerent to make the world a party to his war. It would almost justify the invasion of Belgium by the Germans. It would open a wide door to innumerable abuses. Neutrals would be in the pleasant position of the hero of Lover's novel, who received a box on one ear from his mother—"which would have knocked him down had it not been followed by an equally well applied one from Oona on the other."

Professor Pollard is on dubious ground when he remarks that the lives of non-combatants at sea are as well protected

as international law can make them. There is nothing in the Geneva and Hague Conventions respecting maritime warfare which can be so construed. Yet perhaps he may be right. We have learnt of late to attach less importance to promises than to convictions. And, apart from promises, the German attacks on British non-combatants at sea constitute a brutal departure from accepted law, as displayed in the uniform practice of centuries. Not even a Semmes nor an Allemand, whatever their exigencies, burnt or sank merchantmen with their people on board. The practice may not have been forbidden—but that is because, to seamen, it was inconceivable.—Yours, &c.,

T. BATY.

1, Mitre Court Buildings, Temple, E.C.
April 12th, 1915.

AIDS TO RECRUITING.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The Minister of the Interior (Home Secretary) of the Chamber of Deputies, France, ten days ago asked and obtained a provisional vote of credit for £25,000 for the re-education in professions and trades, suited to their limited capabilities, of soldiers and sailors mutilated by the war. They will have the preference for minor positions in the Post Office, the Civil Service, and in every department of the State. Wounded officers and privates with a superior education will get a preference for responsible posts in the scholastic and in other professions.

At the Municipal Council, Paris, the other week, M. Lemarchand moved, and it was unanimously agreed, that there should be reserved for the soldiers, mutilated by the war, and for their wives, widows, or relatives depending on them, a certain number of places, such as licenses to sell tobacco and articles on the street. The positions of letter-carriers, watchmen, messengers, &c., are to be ear-marked for the unfortunate brave men, minus an eye, an arm, or a leg. The Germans are making similar provision for their wounded.

If Mr. Asquith, Lord Kitchener, and the municipalities of London and Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham, would initiate similar sympathetic provision for the maimed and mutilated soldiers and sailors of Great Britain, it would not only stimulate recruiting, but be an act of justice.—Yours, &c.,

THOMAS OGILVY.

[The name and address of the Treasurer of the War Victims' Relief Committee of the Society of Friends, to whom all subscriptions should be sent, are Isaac Sharp, Esq., 136, Bishopsgate, E.C.—ED., THE NATION.]

Poetry.

APRIL'S CHARMS.

WHEN April scatters coins of primrose gold
Among the copper leaves in thickets old,
And singing skylarks from the meadows rise,
To twinkle like black stars in sunny skies;

When I can hear the small woodpecker ring
Time on a tree for all the birds that sing;
And hear the pleasant cuckoo, loud and long—
The simple bird that thinks two notes a song;

When I can hear the woodland brook, that could
Not drown a babe, with all his threatening mood;
Upon whose banks the violets make their home,
And let a few small strawberry blossoms come:

When I go forth on such a pleasant day,
One breath outdoors takes all my care away;
It goes like heavy smoke, when flames take hold
Of wood that's green, and fills a grate with gold.

W. H. DAVIES.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"The Great Condé." By Eveline Godley. (Murray. 15s. net.)
 "Lithography and Lithographers." By Elizabeth Robins Pennell and Joseph Pennell. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "H. G. Wells." By J. D. Beresford. (Nisbet. 1s. net.)
 "Arnold Bennett." By F. J. Harvey Darton. (Nisbet. 1s. net.)
 "More Thoughts on the War." By A. Clutton Brock. (Methuen. 1s. net.)
 "Meave." By Dorothea Conyers. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

BOOKS about living writers do not seem to thrive in this country. The tradition is, or at any rate was, that a contemporary man of letters can form a good subject for an essay in a magazine, or that he may be dealt with in a collection of literary appreciations, but that the writing of books about him had best be deferred until his work is finished and the writer is in a position to give a complete survey. If there was any force in this objection, it has vanished with the monthly reviews which gave up a large proportion of their space to literary criticism. At the present moment one of the greatest needs of criticism is some sort of vehicle that will give room for the extended treatment of literary matters. For this reason among others I welcome the appearance of Messrs. Nisbet's shilling series, "Writers of the Day," the first two volumes of which have been published this week. The volumes give a critic elbow-room to handle his subject with ease and freedom, while they are short enough to attract readers who would be deterred by more ponderous tomes. In short, they furnish the vehicle for a criticism which need be neither snippety nor pedantic.

THE first two volumes in Messrs. Nisbet's series—"Arnold Bennett" by Mr. F. J. Harvey Darton, and "H. G. Wells" by Mr. J. D. Beresford—may be taken as fair samples of contemporary English criticism. Both books are obviously the work of men who have read, not only the authors of whom they write, but a good deal else as well. They are quite up to the level of our English criticism, but they do not rise above that level. If one compares them, for example, with M. Georges Grappe's little volume on Paul Bourget, or M. Roger Le Brun's on Anatole France in the French series, "Les Célébrités d'Aujourd'hui," one is struck by the much closer and more penetrating manner in which the French writers envisage their subjects. M. Le Brun and M. Grappe show us M. Anatole France and M. Bourget under new aspects, paint their literary portraits from a fresh standpoint, discuss the ideas for which they stand, and give us an estimate of the part that they play in the world of thought and of letters. Mr. Darton and Mr. Beresford do not quite succeed in doing the same—this, of course, is but a personal impression—for Mr. Bennett and Mr. Wells.

PERHAPS the failure may be due to the fact that English critics are by temperament and tradition more inclined to judge than to interpret. This is more the case with Mr. Darton than with Mr. Beresford, though at the same time he gives us a closer approximation to a literary portrait of Mr. Bennett than Mr. Beresford does of Mr. Wells. Mr. Darton declares his belief that Mr. Bennett is a great writer, but he does it in such a way as to provoke the suspicion that his real view is that Mr. Bennett is a great writer gone a little wrong. And his ground of complaint against Mr. Bennett is one that has more to do with morals than with literary appreciation. It is the greyness and ugliness of the life lived in the Five Towns, the subject which has occupied Mr. Bennett's best art. So much is Mr. Darton impressed by this, that he has even gone to the length of making a census of the male characters in the novels dealing with the Five Towns, from which it appears that only six of them have been "invested at once with virtue and a certain charm."

A MERE statement of this fact is quite pertinent in a book on Mr. Arnold Bennett's work, but Mr. Darton ceases to be a literary critic and becomes a moralist when he implies that preoccupation with such characters and such an environment has injured Mr. Bennett's art. As well might one criticize Balzac for the sordid atmosphere of the Pension Vauquer, or because money and the passions rule the world of "La Comédie Humaine." It is true that, after some hesitation, Mr. Darton acquits Mr. Bennett of the charge that "the ignoble half of life is his chief or sole preoccupation." He even becomes enthusiastic on "the height of passionless austerity" reached in "The Old Wives' Tale," a book of which he says that if all Mr. Bennett's novels were on the same plane, its author "would have recreated English fiction." That novel, together with certain passages in "Clayhanger" and the conclusions of "Anna of the Five Towns" and "The Price of Love," alone prevent Mr. Darton from thinking that Mr. Bennett has knowingly accepted "the egotistical, self-assertive, unlovely ideals of a community wholly commercial in thought and deed." But is it not his artistic self-identification with the world of which he writes that gives Mr. Bennett the place he holds in English fiction? I believe that he will be read by our grandchildren for the convincing and unflinching portrait of a section of English industrial and commercial society that he has drawn.

JUST as Mr. Darton is dissatisfied because the low ideals and narrow life of the Five Towns' community holds so large a share of Mr. Bennett's attention, so there are to be found people who deprecate Mr. Wells's choice of such "heroes" as the three futile draper's assistants, Hoopdriver, Kipps, and Mr. Polly. So far from taking this view, Mr. Beresford is prompt to acknowledge "the open-eyed recognition of realities, the fine analysis of modern conditions, and the lucid, consequent thought" that Mr. Wells has brought to their creation. In this, as in other respects, Mr. Beresford is a more interpretive critic than Mr. Darton. His main position is that Mr. Wells "has deliberately selected his stories and his characters to illustrate certain points of view," and that the selection "has (without question) been made in each case to illustrate a thesis":—

"Through all his work moves the urgency of one who would create something more than a mere work of art to amuse the multitude or afford satisfaction to the critic. His chief achievement is that he has set up the ideal of a finer civilization, of a more generous life than that in which we live; an ideal that, if it is still too high for us of this generation, will be appreciated and followed by the people of the future."

It is because Mr. Wells has striven to give more vital expression than any other novelist to this ideal that, in Mr. Beresford's judgment, he has also "given to the novel a new criticism and, to a certain degree, a new form."

MR. BERTRAM CHRISTIAN, the general editor of "Writers of the Day," has done well to choose Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett as the subjects of his first two volumes. Whatever other opinions may be held about them, there is no doubt that they are the two representative novelists of the present day. The place held by Dickens and Thackeray for one generation, and Meredith and Mr. Hardy for another, is now occupied by Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett. And, as is fitting in the novelists of a democratic age, one of the convictions which they both share is a thorough-going belief in democracy. Mr. Darton says of Mr. Bennett that his trust in the ultimate good sense of ordinary men "does not preclude, it even involves, a distrust of their present senselessness." And, in similar terms, Mr. Beresford writes that if Mr. Wells recognizes that the stuff of admiration and desire which animates his own being is present throughout humanity, "the sight of it is observed by all those stupidities and condescensions to rule of thumb that he attacks so furiously." In this belief in democracy, combined with a clear consciousness of its present defects and imperfections, both novelists are thoroughly representative of their time.

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

THE RE-MAPPING OF EUROPE.

"Nationality and the War." By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE.
(Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)

WITH a high heart, a strong head, and two good German atlases at his elbow, Mr. Arnold Toynbee reorganizes the political boundaries of Europe and Asia. It should be observed, however, that Mr. Toynbee's world does not come into operation until the German Powers have been effectually thrashed, so effectually that Prussia is compelled to submit the destiny of the Reichsland to the chances of a plébiscite, to restore Schleswig to the Danes, and even to give up to an autonomous Poland within the Russian Empire a wealthy segment of Silesia, the province of Posen, the great German fortress of Thorn, and a free right of trading down the Vistula, to Danzig. Upon the assumption of a victory of such a quality, Mr. Toynbee provides us with a very detailed and minute series of recommendations, based upon a copious store of exact information, and enforced by a good deal of shrewd and original reasoning.

It should not be supposed that if Mr. Toynbee posits and desires a complete victory for the Allied arms, to be followed by a triumph for the principle of nationality as complete as geography will enable him to make it, he is animated by any spirit of vindictiveness towards our present enemies. It is one of his many virtues that he is in search of remedies and prophylactics rather than of palliatives. He does not, therefore, propose to neutralize the Kiel Canal or to deprive Germany of her African colonies (a matter with respect to which General Botha and Mr. Toynbee will not find themselves in agreement), for these colonies, in Mr. Toynbee's view, are "openings for peaceable, as opposed to forcible, expansion," and are therefore to be distinguished (General Botha would not accept this distinction) from such possessions as Samoa, Kiao-Chao, Neu-Pommern, which, being mere framework for aggression, are rightly forfeit. He recognizes, however, that the sacrifices which he demands of Germany on the Continent of Europe will be regarded as heavy, and more particularly by the Prussians, who will be compelled to witness the demolition of no small part of the painful fabric of the great Fritz himself. For all this, however, our resourceful publicist finds compensation in a most unexpected quarter and by a course of argument which deserves careful attention.

Success in war is largely a matter of numerical preponderance. The Germans, deprived of their French-speaking, Danish-speaking, and Polish-speaking provinces, will look about for some compensation which may repair the loss, and will realize their quest in Vienna. From this re-incorporation of Austria in the Germanic Body important consequences will inevitably ensue. As a set-off to the augmented importance of Southern Germany, the North German world will be impelled along the path of concentration. Prussia will willingly absorb Saxony, Mecklenburg, and the Hanseatic Towns; and Saxony, Mecklenburg, and the Hanseatic Towns will willingly be absorbed in Prussia. The condition of such fusion will, however, be the democratization of the Prussian Constitution, for on no other terms could the fusion be effected. Once, however, assume that Prussia is merged in North Germany, and that North Germany is governed by a democratic franchise, all that is distinctively and objectionably Prussian disappears. The Prussian State becomes an industrial democracy, no longer ruled by Tory squires, but by the urban proletariat of the great towns. And we gather, though the process is somewhat dimly indicated, that the same combination of events will have the effect of limiting the power of the Hohenzollerns to the North, and of transferring the Imperial authority to the Reichstag.

Even assuming Mr. Toynbee's postulate, we are not at all clear as to the consequences. Has he sufficiently allowed for the historic pride of Saxony, for the long-rooted dominion of the Wettin dynasty, for the civic spirit of the great Hanseatic Republics? Would a Hohenzollern Government ever consent to dilute the strong wine of the Prussian Constitution in order to obtain a doubtful accession of

material strength at the cost of an undoubted violation of historic sentiment? Perhaps events may prove Mr. Toynbee to be right. We do not bet. Neither, we hope, does Mr. Toynbee.

"Everything," however, as Mr. Toynbee admits, "depends on the re-incorporation of German Austria, and this lies in the hands of the Austrians alone." But does it lie in the hands of the Austrians alone? Have not the Germans something to say in the matter, too? And will they not say, with Mr. Toynbee, that "the coalition and not the single country has become the unit of power," and from this premise proceed to argue that since they have, anyhow, the benefit of the Austrian alliance, they have nothing to gain by giving the Austrians a voice in their domestic concerns, and that, having with infinite pains effected the ejection of Austria as an endless source of domestic weakness and confusion, they have no intention of re-opening the question?

In any case, the re-incorporation of German Austria assumes the destruction of Austro-Hungarian dualism, and so Mr. Toynbee has to prove that Hungary will wish to break loose from her partner. Now, the Dual Monarchy has never been a good arrangement, and I heartily concur in everything which Mr. Toynbee has to say in its dispraise. But I confess that the arguments which Mr. Toynbee brings forward in support of his belief in the likelihood of a permanent breach between Hungary and Austria as one of the results of this war appear ingenious rather than overwhelming. Mr. Toynbee has decided to relieve Hungary of Croatia, which together with Croatia, Slavonia (carrying Fiume), a Greater Serbia, and possibly Montenegro, will form a South-Slavonic Federation; this done, he concludes that Austria will run a railway to Agram, side-track Hungarian trade, and so be given such a crushing tactical advantage in negotiating the decennial Tariff with Hungary that the Hungarians, relieved of their racial problems by a series of international guarantees, which confirm to the minority nationalities of the Kingdom their rights of language, religion, and schooling, will open out their arms to their secular foes, the Southern Slavs, and petition for admittance to their Zollverein. There will, in other words, be a Transleithan Zollverein, with "Fiume the common property of the two States," and "the Left," or Separatist Party in the Hungarian Parliament will eventually triumph over the German connection which made the war and will be held responsible for its miscarriage. Mr. Toynbee does well to be optimistic. We should fear, however, that the racial tension between Magyar and Slav is fundamental, and that, with the Russians established in Galicia, the Magyars would cling to Vienna like grim death.

For very excellent reasons, geographical, commercial, and racial, Mr. Toynbee declines to assign Trieste to the Italians. That attractive and important city becomes the capital of Slovenia, a small, independent State, which may, or may not, find it convenient to join the South Slavonic Federation. Italy, however, receives the Trentino, possibly Nice, and is made secure in her control of the Adriatic by an international arrangement which provides for the dismantlement of Pola and the disarmament of the Eastern Coast. As for the Turks, they are swept out of the Balkans and disappear from the Ægean, whose islands are very properly assigned to Greece. The political control of the Dardanelles is vested with the President of the American Republic, a most excellent, but, we fear, chimerical proposal, and the Turk is practically limited to Anatolia, with respect to which province—its geography, history, dialects, and material prospects—Mr. Toynbee makes some valuable and suggestive observations. Syria and Arabia are thrown into a new Arabic Sultanate, to which Mr. Toynbee would assign the date-bearing region of Basra, which the public opinion of India has already marked out as an appointed field for Indian immigration. And the Armenian provinces of the Turkish Empire are handed over to Russia, who has, at any rate, shown that she can govern Armenians a good deal better than the Turks.

Indeed, to our great allied Empire Mr. Toynbee is not ungenerous. He gives her a railway across Norway. He accords her—which a plébiscite would never do—the province of Galicia. She is to have a large slice of Asiatic Turkey, a province of Persia, and is invited to absorb Mongolia and to redeem Turkestan. In a word, Mr. Toynbee

is no Russo-phobe, and sees plenty of hope for liberal developments in the activity of the Zemstvos and in the promise of the present war. Devolution is to be the talisman of Russian domestic politics, harmonizing nationality and Empire, racial variety and bureaucratic strength. The Great Russians are recommended to be kinder to the Little Russians.

Among the many interesting suggestions with which this excellent commentary on international politics abounds is a proposal for the abolition of Afghanistan. Mr. Toynbee seems to believe (but we are not certain whether we have taken his meaning) that the extension of the Indian frontier to the Hindu Kush would be acceptable to the Indian Congress. We can imagine nothing less acceptable. The Indian politician is not like Mr. Lloyd George or Lord Curzon. He is like Mr. Gladstone, a mid-Victorian, standing for Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform, and the project of conquering and policing the barren mountains of Afghanistan would fill him with dismay, as a wicked misuse of good rupees, properly destined for social improvements. Nevertheless, we agree with Mr. Toynbee that Afghanistan does very little good in the world, and by all accounts its present ruler, though an ardent motorist, is, of all Oriental chiefs now reigning on the face of the globe, the most capricious and tyrannical. It would undoubtedly be an act of self-denying virtue to take over Kabul, and if the Americans will consent to be responsible for Constantinople, let us swear that it be done. Not otherwise, however, even for the sake of Mr. Toynbee's tunnel through the Hindu Kush, and comfortable line of railway from Peshawar to the Caspian.

H. A. L. FISHER.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF SIR EDWARD GREY.

"Sir Edward Grey, K.G." (Newnes. 2s. 6d. net.)

We can imagine how a French writer would have approached the task of writing a monograph on Sir Edward Grey, and what a study of ancestry and social tendencies, what a documentation of speeches, what a precise *résumé* of episodes and characteristics, he would have woven into it. Indeed, there is one quotation from a French characterization of him which, so far as the gift of literary portraiture is concerned, carries us more swiftly and easily into the heart of its subject than all these ambling pages put together. Compare this admirable summary of Sir Edward's appearance and personality:—

"Grand, mince, très droit sans raideur, très froid sans morgue, mais un peu distant, très élégant, mais d'une élégance sobre et plus innée que recherchée; de grands yeux fouilleurs; un nez un peu trop grand, et mince, comme pincé, sur les lèvres fines qu'élargit à peine un léger sourire; complètement rasé, bien avant l'importation de la mode américaine des mentons bleus; sir Edward Grey est le type accompli du gentleman anglais, de la forte race qui a donné au Royaume-Uni de grands parlementaires et des hommes d'Etat, préparés à l'exercice du pouvoir par une forte instruction universitaire et par un long entraînement parlementaire."

with the author's description of it:—

"It is impossible to help dwelling on Sir Edward's face, for it is so unusually clear an indication of his character and personality. The prominent aquiline nose, the firm yet mobile and sensitive mouth, the strong yet delicately moulded chin and lower jaw, above all, the meditative deep-set eyes, give an impression both of race and of high intellectual distinction."

In a sense, the English observer is just enough; but his is not a characterization, it is a reporter's description. And this is the fault of the book. It reports without criticism. It properly tells us of Sir Edward's clearness of mind and style, of his calmness of demeanor, his persuasiveness, his candor and simplicity of mind, and his serene detachment from vulgar partizanship or the pursuit of a career. It records his diplomacy on a single note of admiration. Not always, indeed, with discretion, for though

it is proper to say of Gladstone that he was seldom able to see "more than one side of any question," it is by no means the mark of a character so instinctive and unified as Sir Edward Grey's "to see every side of it." Nor, if a just measure is to be taken of his work in foreign policy is it proper to dismiss the Siamese question in a sentence, and to be silent on that of Fashoda, or to argue that an essentially unreformed Foreign Office is other than a reproach, not, indeed, to this or that head of it, but to the governing system of which it is a relic. Of observation, indeed, there is none. The book lacks both the true impressionist quality and the power to fit its deeply interesting subject into a general picture of European statesmanship.

And yet what an opportunity has been missed! For at this hour of all others there is an obvious and pertinent criticism of Sir Edward Grey's career. With all his intellectual persistence, his singleness of outlook, that career marks itself off, in our view, into two distinct categories. It has never, indeed, been a conservative Foreign Secretaryship. Even Lord Lansdowne's was not that. Lord Lansdowne was the author of the Entente, the first definite break with Lord Salisbury's policy of isolation. It fell to Sir Edward Grey to mould tendencies into facts, and to range England on a new front to a new European situation. The change he accomplished alone, and with no fully conscious co-operation from the nation. But, if we accept the principle of this great, this revolutionary, change, we must, in face of the disclosures or the part disclosures of the last few months, recognize that Sir Edward, too, advanced to meet it. The wisdom of his diplomacy as it stood up to 1912 will always constitute one of the great debates of history. The combatants have long been marshalled, though some of them have changed sides. But 1912 was a critical year. Up to the declaration of war, the country, with its imperfect knowledge of the Haldane Mission and of the negotiations with Germany on African colonization and the Bagdad Railway, had no excuse for thinking that our attitude to Germany had been essentially modified. The criticism of that attitude was that, in fact if not in intention, Sir Edward Grey's policy was one of "penning-in." It was open to the peril that Germany was not the kind of Power to accept it, or to be defeated by it, and that its first reaction must necessarily be unfavorable to European peace. The restrained Power was bound to break loose in the territory where, in fact, no possible foreign policy on our part or on that of the Entente, could hem her in.

In fact, such a policy was abandoned. The world now knows that, so far as an English embargo on the Bagdad Railway was ever imposed, it was removed, and that there, as in Africa, Great Britain went further than a Power strictly engaged to the Triple Entente was likely to go. The advance carried with it obvious consequences. It did not finally materialize in an agreement. But as it stood, it marked a definite approach to a modification of the Entente in the direction in which it was possible to enhance its value as a guarantee of European peace. When the war broke out, our policy was moving in the direction of a triple understanding, to which England, Germany and France would have been parties. The reversion was to the Bismarckian conception of "reinsurance." But the new attachment would have been open, not secret, and it was clearly to the interests of France that she should enter it, with good will and as a substantial contributor to its objects.

Germany, therefore, was in process of losing the substance of her grievance with British policy. Did she act in good faith? It is clear that she did not. She believed, indeed, that she had secured British neutrality, and her belief had obvious reference to the second act of appeasement, of which, again, Sir Edward Grey was the main author. This was the Balkan Conference. After our policy in Albania, and our general attitude to Austro-German diplomacy, it was impossible for Germany to conclude that she possessed in Sir Edward Grey either the Machiavellian schemer of her later imagination, or the definite opponent of 1911. The times had changed and softened. We had clearly gone as far in ameliorating the Anglo-German situation as France wished us to go, and perhaps a step further. The service was acknowledged in the cordial and unaffected thanks which, at the close of the Conference, Sir Edward received from the German, Austrian, and Italian Ambassadors. That was a golden moment, of

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which a peaceful and candid diplomacy would have made full use. Lord Haldane's account in the "Chicago Daily News" of his mission to Berlin, insisted that we had offered Germany the "most binding agreement that in no circumstances would we be a party to any sort of aggression against Germany," but that she must respect Belgium's neutrality, and must cease to contest our naval superiority. Her readiness to fix an Anglo-German standard of 16 to 10 in Dreadnoughts may be presumed to be her one specific answer to these advances.

Unfortunately, her general interpretation was both coarse and naïve. According to the Prime Minister she called for unconditional neutrality on our part—that is to say, for a desertion of the Entente. Of that body she clearly concluded that we were merely a detachable member. It is probably true to say that she took this view, not merely as the result of her observation of our diplomacy, but from her reading of our rejection of conscription, and our not very adroit suggestion of a naval holiday. In any case, she drew the wrong conclusion. When Sir Edward Grey proposed a Conference outside the lines of the Triple Entente, she doubtless assumed that we had gone almost the whole way back to isolation. It is a measure of her cynical self-confidence that even then she did not seriously trouble to meet our anxiety over Belgium. But she hoped to buy us off, and at rubbish prices, and her calculation obviously linked itself on to the history of Anglo-German relationships from 1912 to 1914.

Here, in our view, will lie Sir Edward Grey's vindication as a worker for European peace. The story is half-told, and we would not draw any excessive conclusions from it. It supplies ample evidence of Germany's bad and tactless diplomacy. But the essential error was in her arrogance and disingenuousness, her eagerness to grasp all, and take no gifts that fell short of surrenders. If England and Germany had remained on the terms of 1911, without an effort on our part to modify them, the historian might have been hard put to it to approve an unyielding attitude. There was no such attitude. It is a tragedy, evitable or inevitable, that the nation was not informed of the liberal approaches we had made, and of the spirit in which they had been received. Disclosure would have been difficult and dangerous, and might even have brought us to the point of war. But in any case the episode, though almost unrecorded in this little book, marks a capital point in Sir Edward Grey's career, and must add greatly to his influence as a composer of the dreadful events that followed it.

M.

BEHIND THE VEIL.

✓ "An Englishwoman in a Turkish Harem." By GRACE ELLISON. (Methuen. 5s.)

THE effects of the war on women are impossible to foresee; but there is no harm in guessing. One supposition is that with the enormously decreasing opportunities of marriage and proportionally increasing opportunities of work, a semi-sexless female type will be evolved, comparable to the worker bee. Another is the revival of polygamy. A peep at Miss Grace Ellison's book, "An Englishwoman in a Turkish Harem," should obviate one source of prejudice. There would be nothing unpatriotically pro-Turkish in the expedient. "Polygamy," says Miss Ellison, "does not exist nowadays in Turkey." The Young Turk, progressive, enlightened, cosmopolitan, is wedded to European traditions, and in many cases to its women as well. His nature is, moreover, practical. "Where four wives meant to their possessors four tillers of land," observed a Pasha to the authoress, "there was some sense in polygamy. But not when they get their dresses at Paquin's." Even were the economic objection removed, there is another, more deeply seated perhaps, suggested by the story of the pious Moslem who was always the first at Mosque. "How is it you are always so early?" inquired a friend. "No matter how early I arrive you are here before me." "I have two wives," was the answer. "I get away as soon as I can."

The real trouble with Turkey seems to be the extreme stupidity of the Turkish women. Miss Ellison does not effectually say so, but no one can read her book through without coming to some such conclusion. It is easy, but unjust, to blame Mohammed. He did, of course, deny souls to women and insist that their solitary function was maternity, remarking poetically enough that "Paradise lies at a mother's feet." But he also wrote that "Women must have similar rights to men," and "To acquire knowledge is the equal duty of man and woman." Mohammed is not wholly responsible; neither can we reasonably shift the burden on to the shoulders of the men. In this singular country, says Miss Ellison, the men only are feminists. It is the Young Turks who struggle to rouse the women from that inertia which is the fatal weakness both of their sex and of their nationality; it is men who urge women to rebellion, who write articles for them in feminist journals, signing them with women's names, who lecture, preach, entreat, and scold. And all, or nearly all, in vain. Miss Ellison describes a feminist meeting at which she was present, where all the speakers were men and all the audience women. A young poet, in an address of extraordinary eloquence and passion, exhorted them to throw aside that symbol of subjection—the veil:—

"'Can you not feel your bondage?' he asked. 'Who can give you freedom unless you yourselves ask for freedom?' . . . A storm of applause greeted these words. I watched the women with their veils down over their faces. Surely after such a speech they would throw them back. I, the foreigner, was stirred. It seemed to me that after such a speech I would be capable of any action to be free. . . . There sat the women, a handkerchief occasionally poked behind the thick veil, to wipe away the tears; but never once were their veils lifted."

This garment, to which the Turkish woman clings with such peculiar tenacity, is at once useless, unhygienic, and unbecoming. Yet a Turkish woman would as soon be seen without her veil as an Englishwoman would without her skirts. Face to face with death in a burning house, the Turkish woman will pause to swathe her head closely in the clinging, inflammable material, and even women sufficiently advanced, both in opinions and years, to be fortified against such protection, exhibit the senseless modesty of the savage:—

"The other day at luncheon a poetess of about fifty was at the table. In the midst of a most interesting discussion on modern Turkish literature she screamed, and holding her serviette between her face and the open door, called for a veil. She had heard the young Bey's spurs coming towards the open door of the dining-room. 'Don't come in!' called my hostess to her husband, and at last I understood what was happening. I was wearing a Broussa silk scarf round my shoulder; I lent it to her; she covered up all her hair and tied it round her neck; then the young Bey came in to lunch."

There are, of course, a few resolute and enlightened women in Turkey, but the lack of self-confidence, the limited outlook and confined lives of the majority, make the work of progress extremely difficult and slow.

Miss Ellison gives a vivacious account of her visit to the Imperial Harem to witness the ceremony of the *baise-main*—a ceremony as tedious as are Court functions all the world over, lasting eight hours, the ladies rising to prepare for it at 6.30 a.m. After the *baise-main* the ladies are presented, and Miss Ellison was introduced as her Turkish hostess's "English sister":—

"Many questions the Sultan asked about me, about my country, and all the while he talked I was thinking of the poor captive Prince Réchad, who for thirty-three years had been imprisoned within these walls, and who now was the Sultan seated before me. He was weary. Early rising perhaps suited him as little as it suited me. He frequently pulled himself up, forced his eyes open, said he was delighted to make our acquaintance."

Although this is the only glimpse we get of this "good-natured, unceremonious old gentleman," we feel that we have here the real thing—Turkey, as we have always imagined it, with its eunuchs, Circassian slave girls, black coffee, sweetmeats, and the harem of wives. For the Sultan, at any rate, is still a believer in polygamy.

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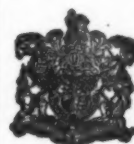
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✓ "Belgium." By R. C. K. ENSOR. (Williams & Norgate 1s. net.)

✓ "Belgium." By FRANK MACLEAN. (Jack. 6d. net.)

MR. ENSOR has written a remarkably interesting and complete book on the history and civilization of the people of Belgium. When first the news that Germany had demanded a right-of-way through Belgium to attack France reached England, there were some who thought we were making a great fuss about a comparatively trifling matter. Even to-day there are people who think that Belgium made a mistake, though a gallant mistake, and that all that was asked of her was a concession of form. Such a view will not survive a study of Mr. Ensor's pages. For centuries Belgium was the cockpit of Europe, and if she had consented last August her moral independence would have been at an end. Her neutrality was a European interest, but it was also the mark of her freedom. And the people whose terrible and heroic sufferings will take so noble a place in history did not learn its civilization yesterday. They are, as Mr. Ensor says, an old nation and a proud nation. Mr. Ensor writes with eloquence and feeling of the glories of the cities of Flanders, comparable in their history and their brilliant achievements with the cities of medieval Italy. Mr. Ensor describes the political history of the last seventy years, paying great attention to the very interesting labor problems, and he discusses the constitutional questions and the working of proportional representation. Mr. Maclean's book is slighter, and it has less to say on these modern questions, but it provides an excellent sketch for the general reader, and it includes in its survey the subject of the Congo, which Mr. Ensor excludes from his pages.

* * *

"Gaiety and George Grossmith." By STANLEY NAYLOR. (Stanley Paul. 5s. net.)

MR. NAYLOR's collection of the random reflections of Mr. George Grossmith will not be without interest to those people who like to know something of the lives and opinions of their favorite actors. We are given specimens of Mr. Grossmith's views on things in general, but chiefly of the stage and musical comedy. Mr. Grossmith, it seems, set out at the age of seventeen, "to qualify for the business of Gaiety with much the same seriousness as other promising youths have set themselves to study medicine or the law." In much the same spirit Mr. Naylor has set himself to study, or rather to Boswellise, Mr. Grossmith. The result is not devoid of amusement, but it does nothing to shake our general opinion that actors do not usually make good subjects for biographies.

The Week in the City.

THERE has been more buoyancy and activity on the Stock Exchange than might have been expected after the Dardanelles disappointment, and the smallness of the progress made by the Allies in the West. But among the investing and speculative public there is evidently a section which believes that the war will end in June, a view which is held by some authorities in the City. The clearing away of the ice—Archangel will open at the beginning of May—is a bull point for the Allies, as also is the approach of the Russian Army to the great wheat-growing plains of Hungary. Stock-brokers say there is quite a good deal of money about, and the spurt in Americans has released a certain amount of money, besides helping the exchange in New York. One may

assume that the new regulations concerning Treasury Bills, which make it possible for anyone to buy new ones any day at a fixed price, are doubtless intended to raise the price of money in the City, and so prevent a further drain of gold to America. The German currency is still depreciating, and is now at a discount of 14 or 15 per cent., while that of Austria is at a discount of about 30 per cent. Dutch reports indicate a growing despondency in Germany, and there are many who think that the callous brutality of the submarine warfare is really a sign of desperation—the last fling of a gambler who knows that the game is up. The success of the German loan is much advertised in Germany, but as a well-known banker said to me on Thursday: "After all, most of the investors in the loan are lending to the Government at 5 per cent. what they have already borrowed from it at 4!"

CANADIAN NORTHERN INCOME STOCK.

The directors of the Canadian Northern Railway have announced this week that the earnings for the half-year ended December 31st last are insufficient to permit of the payment of any interest on the Five per Cent. Income Charge Convertible Debenture stock due May 2nd. This stock was issued at various times, the last issue having been in October, 1912, at 106 per cent. Its high-sounding title, no doubt, led some investors to think that it had some sort of security behind it, but as a matter of fact it is, for practical purposes, the ordinary stock of the Company, for it ranks immediately in front of the real ordinary capital, which has never had a dividend paid on it. Readers of the City column of THE NATION will have been prepared for this default in interest, but the incident is a warning to investors to scrutinize carefully any security which may seem attractive. When the Canadian Government came to the assistance of the Canadian Northern last year, a great point was made by the President of the Company of the fact that the new securities issued under Government guarantee ranked *after* the Five per Cent. Income stock. What this meant exactly was not made clear at the time. If it means that the Company's own income may be used to pay the interest on the Income stock, although there may not be sufficient income to pay interest on the Government guaranteed bonds, then the present position must be very bad. If, however, the Company has to meet the interest on the Government Guaranteed Bonds out of its own income, it is hard to say what the President meant by his statement. The Income Stock was convertible into Ordinary shares at the option of the holder at any time up to 1919, and the date has now been extended to 1922. A value can only attach to this option if there is ever any chance of the Ordinary shares receiving more than 5 per cent.

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